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THE CROWN OF LOVE.

Oh, might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touched the sky:
So the proud king decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won:
And she was won in death!

Red the far summit flames with morn,
While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the king who practiced scorn
Through such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arms; she lets
Her lovely shape be clasped: he fares.
God speed him whole! The knights make bets:
The ladies lift soft prayers.

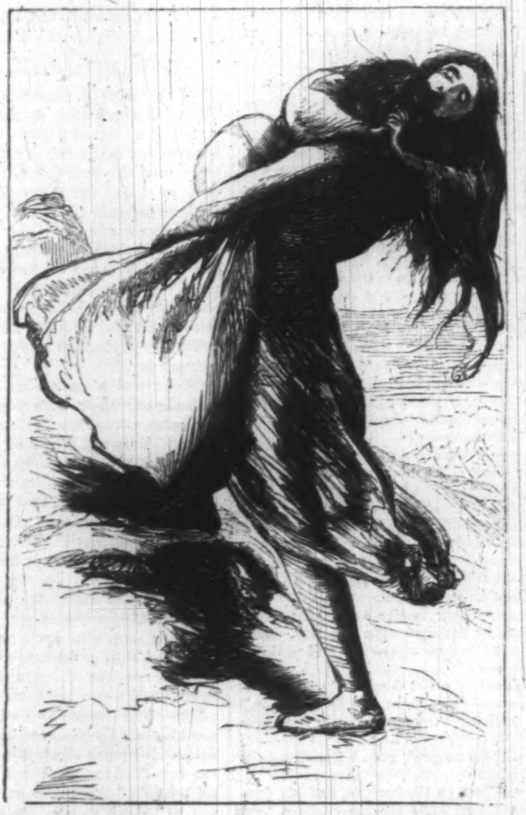
Oh have you seen the deer at chase?
Oh have you seen the wounded kite?
So boundingly he runs the race,
So wavering grows his flight.

"My lover! linger here, and slake
Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win."
"See'st thou the tumbled heavens? they break!
They beckon us up, and in."

"Ah, hero-love! unloose thy hold:
Oh drop me like a cursed thing."
"See'st thou the crowded swards of gold?
They wave to us Rose and Ring."

"Oh death-white mouth! Oh cast me down!
Thou diest? Then with thee I die."
"See'st thou the angels with a Crown?
We twain have reach'd the sky."

George Meredith.



"SHE LETS HER LOVELY SHAPE BE CLASPED."

WHERE IS THE OTHER?

Relics seen in lat. 69° 09′ N., long. 99° 24′ W: Not brought away. 30th May, 1859, * * * a small worsted-work slipper (lined with calf-skin, bound with red ribbon). * * * Capt. M'Clintock's *Dispatch*.

Jane Vaughan was alone with her sailor lover, George.

"There's something the matter, George, I can see it in your face."

"Yes, Jenny, there is; I'm going a long voyage. You know, Jenny, I was to have gone to Calcutta, but when your father said what he did—you remember?—I made up my mind to get on faster. I'm going with Sir John Franklin—three years, perhaps—but it will be the making of all of us who come back, so you mustn't mind, Jenny; time will soon go by, and I shall be able when I come back to find a nest for you—little wren."

He spoke hurriedly, as though to prevent her speaking.

She sobbed out, "Three years, George? Not see you for three years! It's very cruel—it's very hard."

"No, Jenny, not 'cruel,' not 'hard.' It's sure to make my fortune, and I might work in the ordinary way *ten years* before I satisfied your father."

"But surely, George, you could do something on shore, if not at sea, to prevent this terrible separation. Can't you be a clerk, or something? You draw nicely—much better than old Mr. Sumner at Miss Hilditch's. Can't you give lessons, or do any thing? I'm sure you could, so clever as you are, do something."

"My dear Jenny, you don't understand these things. When a man has once chosen his profession or trade, he had better stick to it; he'll have so much to learn in his new calling; so many competitors, that it's a hundred to one if he succeeds. I chose to go to sea like a fool—I've learned my business like a man—and I mean to keep to it like a wise man. There now, Jenny, only three years and it's all done—money and fame in three years! Cheer up! don't make it worse for me, for I feel it not a little."

She saw he did feel it by the gathering moisture of his eye.

"After all, it's for the best, Jenny, dear."

So said Jane's father; so said her mother: and she?—she was silent.

The three weeks soon passed—too soon. Poor Jenny tried hard to be cheerful, but now and then would look at the fine handsome face of her lover and feel it *so* hard that he must go away for so long—

And dearer still he grew, and dearer,
E'en as the parting hour grew nearer.

The last day came, and her mother contrived to leave them alone together more than was customary; "his last day," she said, and called to mind her own experience of some five-and-twenty years ago. Jenny bore her burden bravely. Not a tear was seen except by George—he was quieter than usual.

"You won't sail on a Friday, George? I think it's such a bad day; so many ships are lost that sail on Fridays."

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I don't really think it makes much difference, Friday or any other day."

"But it is unlucky, and I dreamed this morning of a wedding, and all the people were in white. It's dreadfully unlucky, that it is."

"Why, what a little goose it is; why is that unlucky?"

"I don't know, but they say it is."

"Who says so?"

"Old Mrs. Crace; and her husband was a sailor—"

And here Jenny looked as if she would like to say something more.

"Well! say on, Jenny."

"I've got something for you—it will keep you from being drowned;" and her little hand was inserted in her pocket, and brought out as its captive a small bag of silk, with cord enough to go round the neck, attached.

"What is it, dearest?"

"I can't tell you; but, indeed, she said it would prevent your being drowned. Do wear it. Her husband always wore one, and he died in her arms, as I should like you to die in mine, if you must die first. Do wear it?"

"Oh yes, I'll wear it; but you can tell me what it is, eh? What is it?" And he looked into her face. "Come, tell me."

"It was old Mrs. Crace gave it me; she's been attending Charlotte Golding, who was married this time last year; she said she was sure it was a good thing, and made me promise to give it you, so I made the bag, and here it is. Do wear it!"

"Certainly I will, as I'd wear any thing you'd like me to; but still I should like to know what this charm is."

"Old Mrs. Crace said that the doctor laughed at her when she told him about her husband having one."

"Old Mrs. Crace!—the doctor! Why, what does it mean! Oh, I see! how stupid I am. Mrs. Golding has a baby, hasn't she? Ah, yes! I understand. I'll wear it."

"Thanks, dear George. She says, she's sure her husband would have been drowned if it hadn't been for that."

"Now, George, my boy, the chaise is here; come along."

He came out of the room, she clinging to him, and shook hands with them all and went down stairs.

"Don't look back—don't look back;" and one after another the shoes of the sisters are thrown after him for luck.

"Look out, George!" said his brother William, from the top of the stairs, "here's Jane's coming!" and he seized the slipper from her foot and flung it.

George heard him, and turned.

"There, Jane, he's caught the slipper, and kissed it, and taken it with him."

"Oh! William! William! you've killed me! He looked back, and you made him. Oh! my God! my God! he's gone—quite gone, now! I shall never see him again!—never!—never!" and Jenny sank into their arms fainting.

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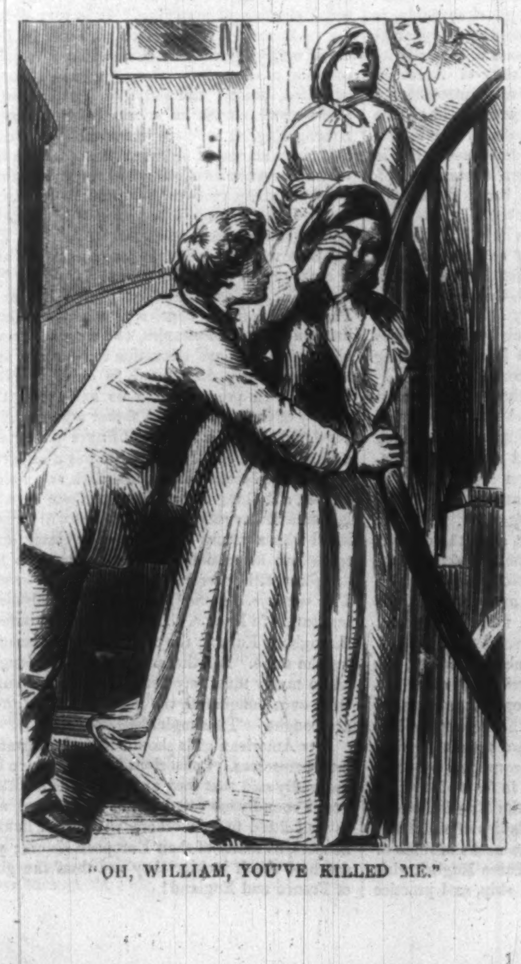
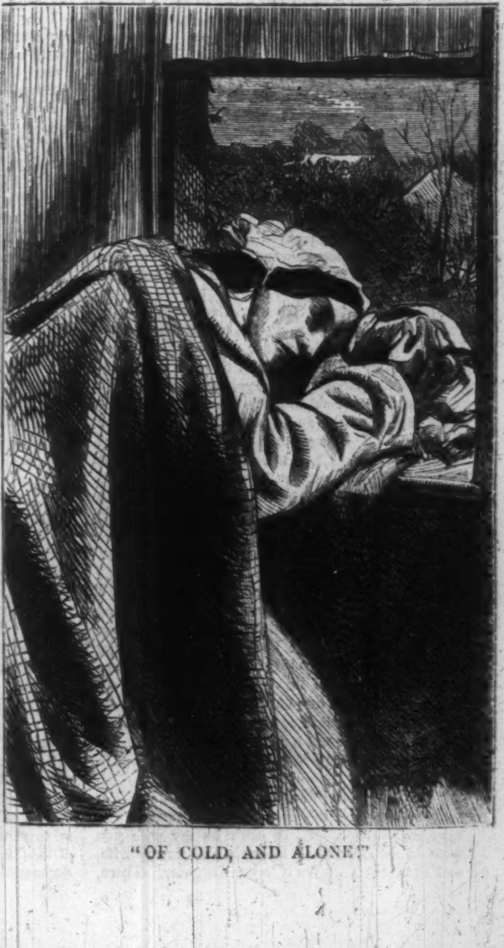
"What made you promise Arabella that beautiful orange-blossom wreath? you'll want it when he comes home."



"OH, WILLIAM, YOU'VE KILLED ME."



"OF COLD, AND ALONE!"

"No, Charlotte, I shall never want it; he'll never come back. Old Mrs. Crace said one day, before he left, it was a sure sign of bad luck if the shoe did not strike the person on the back; but that if he looked back it was worst of all. I didn't throw mine, for fear, and then for William to do it! Oh dear! it makes me so sad."

"Nonsense, child! he'll come back soon enough. You'll just be two-and-twenty, that's a year younger than I was when I married Mr. Golding."

"No, Charlotte! he'll never come back!—never! Oh! William! William!"

"Don't be silly; what has that to do with it? I've no patience with you giving away all your nice things."

* * * * * *

Time passed; three years went by, and Jane was paler. The winter of '48 had come; Jane had learned to hate snow—had grown irritable—unsociable; slapped the children; scolded the servants; read many tracts on the vanity of life. One of her sisters had been married; Jane had said spiteful things about her; Jane was not a family favorite; Jane was unhappy; the more she read the worse she became.

Just then a wealthy suitor of the old school tried to arrange a match with her, through her father, who was willing enough, but she snubbed him most unmercifully; she knew George would not come home to claim her, and yet she would be constant.

'49 came; Jane was worse. "Try a London doctor." She went to London—saw the doctor, a queer, abrupt man. When she went in he looked at her a long while without speaking.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"She's no appetite, and—" began the mother.

"Let *her* speak. Let her speak *herself*. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know, Sir;" and the tears stood in her eyes.

Poor Jane! She could feel he was in earnest, and kind, too, with all his abrupt way, and that evening she told her tale with many tears.

"Poor child!" he said, stroking her hair. "Poor child! your troubles come upon you very young, too. How do you amuse yourself?"

"I'm so wretched I never care to."

"What do you read? Chiefly religious books, and then feel miserable because you don't attain to the condition of mind described in some of them? Sad blunder. Now listen to me. Your nature is not the kind to find happiness in contemplation alone; you must be active, and forget your sorrow in labor of some kind. All natures are not alike, and if you were to read and pray all day long you'd be miserable still. You're not formed for it; some are. You're superstitious and silly; that slipper story shows no wisdom on your part. You must get over this; do good, not outside, but at home; there's plenty for a willing mind to do in any family such as yours. You must find your happiness in making others happy. Get to some good mental exercise for about two or three hours a day. Try and learn German; play chess; and, above all, burn that diary you write in every night. You did not tell me about it, but I know it. Bad plan—very—too much looking inside does no good—burn it—don't keep another. Don't allow your mind to dwell upon your great trouble—he may come back. You shake that head of yours as though it were impossible. All nonsense about the slipper; and when he does, you'll be better fitted to take care of him, if you do these things, than if you moan and fret yourself into the grave. Another thing. Try cold baths and the skipping-rope, backward and forward. There ought to be a skipping society, with prizes, to encourage that most healthy exercise, as there's a society for every thing now. Don't misunderstand me. I want you to take plenty of exercise. You may read religious books if you like; but don't neglect these other matters, as you have done in time past. Now I must go. You can stay here with my wife as long as you agree. Good-night, my child."

Poor Jane was heard to say that she was happier that evening than she had been before or since, except the night that she walked home with George from— And Jane said no more then.

"What's come to Jane, I wonder? She's not slapped me for a month—not even when I upset the ink all over her letter to Mrs. Burnett."

"I don't know, Miss Ellen," said Susan, "but she's just as good-tempered and kind as she used to be before Mr. George went away, only she seems to be different like—like as though she didn't care for any thing."

Alas, poor Jane! She would not think of her absent one; from morning till night she was always employed. Her father noticed the change, and, with the dullness peculiar to some men, supposed she had forgotten George, and, with the rest of the world, thought him dead. He spoke to the rejected suitor, who again pressed his claims, and murmured something about "comfortable home," "father's consent," "not a young man, but healthy," "great respect," "admiration," "love for her," "if Miss Jane would take him he'd be very happy." She heard him this time patiently, and he began to feel that his eloquence was irresistible, the more so that he saw the handkerchief to her eyes.

"Mr. Smithson, I am really very sorry, but I can't do what you ask. I am very much obliged to you for your kind feeling, but I can't be your wife. Though I'm sure I shall never see George again, I love him, and I would not marry any man unless I loved him alone. Don't ask me again. You have known me since I was a little girl that you used to take on your knee—don't, for my sake, ask me again—I must refuse. Let us be friends;" and she held out her hand. He took it.

"My dear Miss Vaughan—my dear Jane, I'm very sorry; I didn't know this—I respect you very much—I—I—if you can't be my wife you must be my daughter. I bought this for my wife, as I thought; I'll give it to my daughter. There, don't say a word more, there's a good girl. I'll see your father."

"And mother, please?" said Jane.

"Oh yes, and your mother too."

He left, and Jane found on the table a handsome gold watch and chain; and Jane wore it, and walked with Mr. Smithson to church next Sunday, and when he came of an evening made his favorite mixture for him; and he, in return, got for her all the information relative to the expedition. Never heard the name of Franklin mentioned in the papers but he worried the Admiralty until they sent him the latest particulars in an envelope with a very large seal.

So passed the time. One by one her younger sisters grew up and found in Jane a friend and confidante. One by one they told her woman's great secret—they were loved and they loved. She saw them happy brides and mothers, and not a word of envy did they hear. She nursed their children, worked for their husbands, advised on all matters—*when asked*—and became a sun to the circle that was about her, so that "Aunt Jane's coming!" was a cry that brought joy to many little hearts, as well as a sense of peace and repose to older ones. But there was one group among them that was pre-eminently her care. His brother William married, and his children afterward knew that to Aunt Jane he was indebted for almost every thing. She made him the man he was; encouraged, helped him, as only a sensible woman can help a young man; and in William's house Aunt Jane was a household god.

She had strange ways, too, had Aunt Jane; she hated snow; nothing would induce her to see it. She would sit in her own room all the time it was on the ground, with candles instead of daylight; and once, when little George brought her a snowball he had made, she burst into tears and sent him away, and was not herself again for a long time. Strange, too, her fancy for the sea; she would, in the spring time, go to the sea-side, to an unfrequented fishing village, and stay in the sea-worn cavities in the rocks for hours. Once some one heard her murmur, "He can't be drowned—he can't be drowned!" and reported that she was mad. She smiled when she heard of it, and asked her little George whether *he* thought so. He wished every body was, if she was, she was so kind—there was a man with such nice little boats on the beach: might he have one?

He had his boat—and she was mad, they said.

Poor Aunt Jane, one winter, was not well, and the children missed her much: no fingers like Aunt Jane's to dress dolls, make kites, or mend clothes. No dance-music was like hers: every body else got tired so soon; she would play for an hour at a time; she never danced except with children. And now here was Christmas and no Aunt Jane—it was not like Christmas at all.

She lay down, never to rise again: they were horror-stricken to find how thin she was. One evening—it was Christmas Eve—she said to them, "Is there any snow?"

"Yes; it is nearly a foot deep."

"Open the window-curtains, and let me see it."

"You'd better not," they urged; "it will make you so ill."

"No; it will do me good, now. I shall not see it again."

The sun was just on the horizon, and his deep red light, as the winter's fog hung about him, shone on the snow till it was snow no longer. It was a soft covering of warm red—it was the summer of winter—all was warm with his light.

"Lift me up to see it: that will do. I wonder how it looks where he is. I've heard that it's very beautiful. William, take care of this," and she gave him from under her pillow a parcel in white paper. "You know what it is; and take this letter to Dr. Burnett, and see him, will you? Now bid me good-by, all of you."

They would not leave her.

"Do, I ask it as a favor. Do, I shall not ask many more. Come, kiss me now, and leave me. I should like to die alone, as perhaps he did—as perhaps he did. *Do* go."

At last they went, one by one, slowly, William last.

"William, dear."

"Jane."

"I forgive you now. Only listen to what Dr. Burnett says, will you? Kiss me once more: now go. * * * He would die of cold—perhaps alone. I will join him by the same road—of cold, and alone."

She rose with great effort, and moved to the window; the sun was nearly lost, the warm hues of red had gone, a dull heavy purple had their place. She opened the window wide, and let the cold blast blow upon her, murmuring, "Of cold, and alone! of cold, and alone! God forgive me! It's but a few hours less, and life is *so* weary!—Of cold, and alone!"

They came in soon, and found her dead. She had gone his road—cold and alone!—with a sweet smile upon her pale thin face.

* * * * * *

"You're the person to whom this letter refers, Sir, I presume?"

"I am, Sir."

"Well, Sir, you're a man now, and, to judge by your looks, a sensible one, and can therefore take a little advice from an older man. Jane was quite right, Sir: you killed her."

"Oh! Dr. Burnett!"

"You did, Sir. Mind, I don't blame you for her death; it was a boy's trick, and the only blame attaching to you is for that trick; but look at its results. But for that she would have been alive now; not happy, but hopeful. You destroyed her hope, and killed her. I know you'll say that it had nothing to do with his fate, and so on; but remember that we are different, Sir, one from another. That turning back of his, as he went away, had no effect on your mind, nor would it have on mine; but *she* was so constituted that any thing of the kind would exercise a powerful influence. Superstitious to a fault, still there was the fact, and it was like a death-blow to her when that happened. There's much to be learned yet, Sir, of even our physical differences: one man is poisoned by what another man takes with impunity. So in our mental differences, there's much more to be learned—very much more; and until this knowledge is ours, we must deal with facts, faults or no faults. The superstition is silly—puerile; still it existed, and should at that time have been respected. She died through it, Sir, I firmly believe. Come and see me any time you like: I shall always be glad to see a friend of hers."

He offered his hand, and as William felt its grasp he knew how small was his share of blame in the Doctor's eyes.

William is, at this time, regarded as one of the most considerate of men.

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One is in the midst of eternal snows and ice—perhaps looked upon for the last time. The *other!* Has William it still? If not—Where is the other?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 28, 1860.

THE ATHLETIC REVIVAL.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to an engraving of skating on the Central Park. We do so, not only because our engraving is a faithful and graphic picture of the times, but likewise because we wish to record our testimony in favor of skating as a popular diversion.

Skating is one of those athletic exercises the decline of which in the United States has been the primary cause of the unhealthy constitution, the pulmonary men and women, the childless wives, the dyspeptic men, the puny forms, and the bloodless cheeks which characterize the population of our great cities at the present day.

There was a time when skating, and other athletic exercises, were popular, and we may say universal, in New York, as in our other large cities. Very old men still remember the performances of the late King of England, William the Fourth, on skates on the frozen "Collect"—not far from where this paper is printed and published. After the Collect (or "Kolch," as some antiquarians have it) was built over, and the creeks running up Beekman and Canal streets were filled up, the art of skating fell gradually into disrepute; and the commercial spirit making unusual progress, there grew up a race of men who never skated, or ran races, or played ball, or cricket, or, in short, took any physical exercise of any kind whatsoever. The result of that race has been the existence of another—their descendants—whereof the females are almost universally sickly, and unfit for the duties and pains of maternity; and the males are devoid of muscle, spirit, and energy. It is on behalf of those who have the good fortune not to belong to this emasculated generation that we plead for skating and all muscular exercise. We plead for the boys, young men, and young girls of the American cities; and on their behalf we desire to see muscular education general.

It has been too much the fashion to pronounce our climate responsible for the undoubted decay of our race in our cities. But in reality our climate, though changeable, is not unhealthy. It is not nearly as damp, or as chill, or as aguish as the climate of Great Britain. It is not as hot as that of Southern France or Spain, where they raise uncommonly fine men and women. It is not as cold as that of Sweden and Northern Russia, whose inhabitants are uncommonly well developed. Nor is there any thing in the sudden fluctuations of heat and cold which need breed disease in bodies properly costumed for the climate.

The misfortune has been that, in the first place, a large proportion of our people have taken no care to guard against changes of temperature; and, in the second, that nothing has been done to render the body able to look out for itself. We—and especially the females among us—have been in the habit of dressing unsuitably. Shoes and gaiters are habitually sold for out-door wear which are only fit for ball-rooms, and which are no more protection to the feet than silk stockings. Light linen clothing is worn by men, and still lighter material by ladies, when woolen stuffs would be much warmer, more comfortable, and better suited for the ever-recurring changes in the temperature. In the hottest, as in the coldest, climates, experience proves that the skin should be always incased in flannel—the texture which absorbs perspiration soonest, and retains caloric longest. Yet how few of us, male and female, wear flannel in summer!

The main defect in our habits, however, has been in respect of bodily exercise. In every foreign country muscular development is a matter of prime consideration. In France and in England both girls and boys are taught physical exercise at schools, and encouraged by their teachers to endeavor to excel in feats of strength and endurance. Some of the English boarding-schools turn out young ladies of sixteen to eighteen who could wring the necks of some of our Fifth Avenue beaux. These English girls skate and run, and leap and skip, and practice gymnastic exercises for an hour or so every day. How much better fitted are they for the practical business of life than the puny skin-and-bone girls who issue from our finishing schools, full of metaphysics, German, and *maintien*, but incapable of walking a mile or nursing a baby!

We are, we hope, on the right track at last. This skating business seems to have aroused public attention. We should like to hear of some of the fashionable boarding-schools going in a body to the skating-pond in the Park. The police arrangements are so complete that they could do so with perfect safety. And if they did, we think that people would form a better opinion of them. If it were announced that Madame A. or Mrs. B. took her scholars to skate twice a week, a good many fathers would conclude that Madame A. or Mrs. B. was the person to be trusted with their daughters. And not a few young men, looking out for wives, and prudently warned of the peril of marrying sickly women, would be inclined to give the preference to the pupils of those institutions over young ladies who could recite Schiller, play Thalberg at sight, or discourse upon "Intellect, Sensibility, and Will."

TAXES ON BACHELORS.

A resolution has been introduced into the Legislature of Virginia inquiring into the expediency of taxing bachelors, as such. There is precedent for the measure. In the republic of Sparta bachelors were not only taxed, but were subjected to various painful disabilities and annoyances. At Athens and Rome the laws looked with equal disfavor on celibacy; and though there was no whipping of naked bachelors through the streets, the taxes were so adjusted that miserable males who had no children paid more than their share. The same principle is recognized by the laws of France and Germany at the present day: bachelors are liable to military service where married men are exempt.

It must be avowed, however, that in all these countries the motives for discouraging celibacy were stronger than any which exist here. Throughout modern Europe, as in ancient Greece and Rome, the females outnumber the males; hence, even if every man does his duty, and takes unto himself a wife, there will still remain a certain number of unprovided virgins—who are consequently a dead loss to the state. In this country, owing to various causes—immigration, the frail health of our women, etc., etc.—males preponderate over females. There are parts of the country, as, for instance, in inland towns and villages in New England, where the females constitute a majority; while in the sea-port towns, and on the frontiers, the males are largely in excess. But, taking the country as a whole, the census reports show that there is rather more than one man to every woman in the country. On the face of it, therefore, the natural tendency of mankind to marry ought to suffice to insure the natural increase of our population without special laws on the subject.

American girls of good education do not know how lucky they are. Every American girl who is sane and sound—and many who are neither the one nor the other—has not one, but many chances of marrying. It is very different in Europe. In the country towns in England marrying men are so rare that it is quite common to see a dozen charming girls, all well-educated, pretty, and ladylike, fighting for a half-starved curate or a wretched attorney. Among English mothers match-making is carried on to an extent unknown here (save in the very highest circles of our aristocracy); and this, not from mean motives, but from sheer necessity. In France no father expects his daughter to get a husband unless she buys him. Every man who has a daughter begins, when she is eight or ten years old, to save money for her *dot*—*i. e.*, the purchase-money of a husband. Papa and mamma deprive themselves of luxuries, and even necessaries, to amass a respectable sum; the boys' education is cut short, and their patrimony discounted, in order to swell the *dot*. In proportion to its amount is the quality of the husband. A father who can give his daughter half a million of francs will expect a General or a Senator; he who has a hundred thousand to bestow will fix his mark at a rising lawyer, a dashing colonel, or a prefect; he who has amassed twenty thousand francs will be satisfied with a young merchant or a clever doctor. But he who has no money to give his daughter will never expect her to marry at all. The *mariage d'amour* is a thoroughly obsolete institution in France. In Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, the rule is rapidly becoming the same. A father who expects his daughter to marry must buy her a husband. Hearts were once conquered, the poets say; now they are bought. 'Tis simpler!

Our American girls should indeed congratulate themselves. Censorious foreigners have ill-naturedly said that they are neither as healthy, nor as soundly educated, nor as economical, nor as well fitted to be mothers, wives, and housekeepers, as many of their European sisters; yet see how much luckier they are than the girls of France and England!

Tennyson's New Poem.

[For which he received $50 a line.]

SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;
He at his own: but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darken'd in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'
Said, 'Love, forgive him:' but he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard through the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd, and groaning said,

'Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, "trust him not;" but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;
Made more and more allowance for his talk;
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and deskwork: there is no such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars
Ruin: a fearful night!'

'Not fearful; fair,'
Said the good wife, 'if every star in heaven
Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams?'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,
"To live in!" but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pick-axe in her hand: then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it:
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines:"
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceas'd,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seemed gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I feared
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heared the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,
'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream:
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband; 'yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books!"
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
"The books, the books!" but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death:
When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. "My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith," said he,
"And all things work together for the good
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow:
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.'

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good wife;
'So are we all: but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:
And that drags down his life: then comes what comes
Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.

'"With all his conscience and one eye askew"'—
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
"With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."
How like you this old satire?'

'Nay,' she said,
'I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the north
A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt, and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!"
And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tone
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, though none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars—
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms
(Although I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream: but were there such
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven:
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!'

'"True" indeed!
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;
While you were running down the sands, and made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child: she brought strange news.
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead.'

'Dead? who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."'

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,
'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.

Macaulay.

28th December, 1859.

O dying year, did'st wreak thy latest scoff
On those who, wearied with thee, bade thee go,
And, parting, did'st with palsied hand strike off
The noblest name our Golden Book could show!
Vain spite! Self-branded, thou shalt pass away,
Bearing his life whose fame was England's pride:
But through the ages English tongues shall say,
"That year! An ill one. Then Macaulay died."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IGNORANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Fashionable Lady (*to her Husband*). "I wonder how the children are? I haven't seen them for ever so long, and I declare I am getting quite anxious. I say, Henry, dear, I wish you would show me the way up to the nursery."

Papa Posed.—A youthful prodigy asked the "author of his being" the other day whether, "as it had been used for such a long time, bad language would not soon be worn out?"

RIDDLES.

1. What word is composed of three letters alone, reads backward and forward the same; without speech it can make all its sentiments known, and to beauty lays principal claim?
2. Why should an alderman wear a tartan waistcoat?
3. When a man beats his wife, what medicine does he take?
4. What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover?
5. A blind man went out to tea, when there, how did he contrive to see?
6. Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church?
7. Why must a manufacturer of steel pens be a very immoral character?
8. Why is conscience like the check-string of a carriage?
9. Why is a whisper like a forged note?
10. Can you spell brandy with three letters in English or French?
11. Why is a roguish lawyer like a man who can not sleep?
12. Of what color is grass when it is covered with snow?
13. Why is a lover like a knocker?
14. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you?

ANSWERS.

1. Eye.
2. To keep a check on his stomach.
3. He takes an elixir (and he licks her).
4. The one kisses his Missus, and the other misses his kisses.
5. He took a cup and saucer (saw, Sir).
6. Because they get good for nothing.
7. He makes his customers steel (steal) pens, and then persuades them they do write (right).
8. It is a check from the inner to the outer man.
9. It is uttered but not allowed (aloud).
10. B R and Y. O. D. V.
11. He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is wide awake the whole time.
12. Invisible green.
13. Because he is bound to adore (a door).
14. She is my mother.

ENIGMAS.

I.

Without the head, see how we stand,
The guardians of our sea-girt land;
Without the foot, now, pray behold
One of my first, both brave and bold,
On bended knee receiveth me,
Victoria's gift for bravery.
My whole, to men a glorious sight,
Oft to my first brings life and light.

II.

My first, how welcome to the weary band
Of pilgrims toiling o'er the desert plains
Of parch'd Arabia. To their fainting hearts
The very word speaks hope. My second may
Be rich and sumptuous, or poor and mean;
Whate'er its guise, the life of every man
Depends on its supply. My whole is that
Which ardently we seek for those we love.
Reverse its syllables, and mournful breathe
The saddest accents of a parting hour.

I.—Stars. II.—Welfare.

Economy with Perfume.—A domestic recipe to renovate black crape says that, "Skim milk-and-water with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape." You can not think how nice it smells!

Homœopathy.—Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

Homœopathy in the Larder.—To cure bacon: Rub in as much butter as will lie on the point of a pin—and smoke.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

[See account of the falling of the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in No. 160 of *Harper's Weekly*.]

THE clack and the clash and the roar
And the hum of the spindle and wheel,
And the beating heart and busy tongue
Have ceased. Death has set his seal:
The walls, the murderous walls their woe have hurled—
But the awful sound still shakes the shuddering world.

The groan, the shriek, and the prayer,
The mighty dread and fear,
The roar and hiss of the hellish flame
Have ceased. And the pall and the bier
And the hearse have darkened the street and valley and hill:
But the wail of the widows and orphans is never still.

It steals to the rich man's ear
And smites on his selfish heart,
And he knows and feels, as it chills his blood,
In the slaughter his hand had part:
God help that hard man, with his conscience awakened too late!
Already is come a fearful judgment of hate!

The maimed and the ruined shall scowl,
And the whisper and look shall be feared;
And the dead, all the dead, shall stare at him in dreams,
Crushed, bleeding, stark, blasted, and seared:
Immovable sadness shall sit on his heart so cold,
For he weighed precious lives against perishing silver and gold.

IRVING PARK, TARRYTOWN.

ONE of the best evidences of a progressive civilization is to be found in the improving condition of the family home. The advancement of a community in culture, in true refinement, and in sound morality is uniformly in proportion to the thriving condition of the homestead, of its appointments, and its associations. Accordingly, when we find our people taking, as they now do, a deeper interest than ever before in the character and location of their dwellings, and in the influences by which their families are to be surrounded, we discern at once the evidence and the cause of a higher civilization—the evidence and the cause of a more solid and enduring prosperity.

The true and appropriate home for the family is undoubtedly in the country. The man of business may find it necessary to pass some portion of his daily life in the marts of trade, encountering the strife and tumult incident to commercial or professional occupations; but there is no reason why he should establish his household in the same tumultuous arena. The dust and din and uproar of a large city is perhaps the necessary sphere, and therefore the proper and legitimate one, for an active man during some part of his life; but it certainly is not the true sphere for his wife and little ones. We are gratified to perceive that this view of the subject is now generally taken by the business men of our great and growing metropolis.

In connection with this topic we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, in the present number of the *Weekly*, several finely executed illustrations of country seats located in the new Tarrytown Park. For a numerous class of our citizens this particular locality seems to possess (on account of some peculiar features) more than ordinary interest.

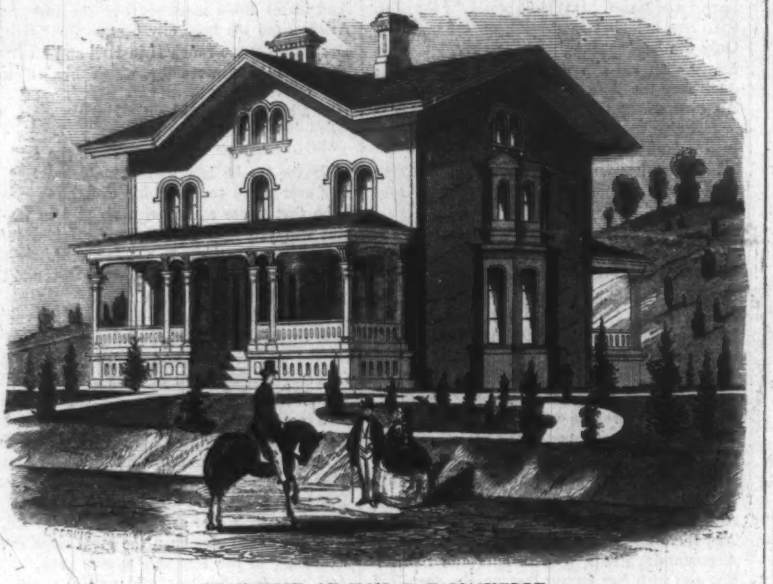
The premises shown in our engravings constitute a part of the domain of IRVING PARK, recently laid out in the vicinity of Tarrytown. These grounds, though but lately introduced to the public, have already acquired an enviable reputation, not only for the extent and variety of landscape views which they embrace, but for their admirable internal arrangements, the distribution of drives and walks, and other attractive features.

The gentlemen whose residences we have been permitted to sketch for our readers have indicated, we think, equal taste and judgment in the style of their dwellings, as well as in the locality selected. Differing as these structures do in architectural features, they are yet equally impressed with an air of quiet repose and refined rural enjoyment, the effect of which is agreeably enhanced by the entire harmony of expression between the structures and the adjacent grounds. Though the buildings are not yet completed we are enabled (by leave of the architects) to present them accurately as they will appear when finished in the early part of May or June. It is proper to state, however, that in these sketches the artist has merely intended to present the aspect of each dwelling as it appears from the approach, without attempting to include in so limited a space the varied and magnificent scenery visible from the veranda of each.

It is a remarkable circumstance in regard to these grounds that the situations are so nearly equal in point of scenery as to make it somewhat embarrassing to decide upon a preference. We think, however, that the position of Mr. Stout's residence is one of the most commanding in the Park, and certainly more attractive, in regard to river views, than any we have seen elsewhere. It is, indeed, every way worthy of the elegant mansion that is about to embellish it.

As the subject of rural dwellings is one of increasing interest to the public, and especially so to the cultivated classes who read our *Weekly*, we intend in a future number to illustrate some of the fine river views that belong to this Park, in connection with other residences to be erected there in the ensuing spring and summer.

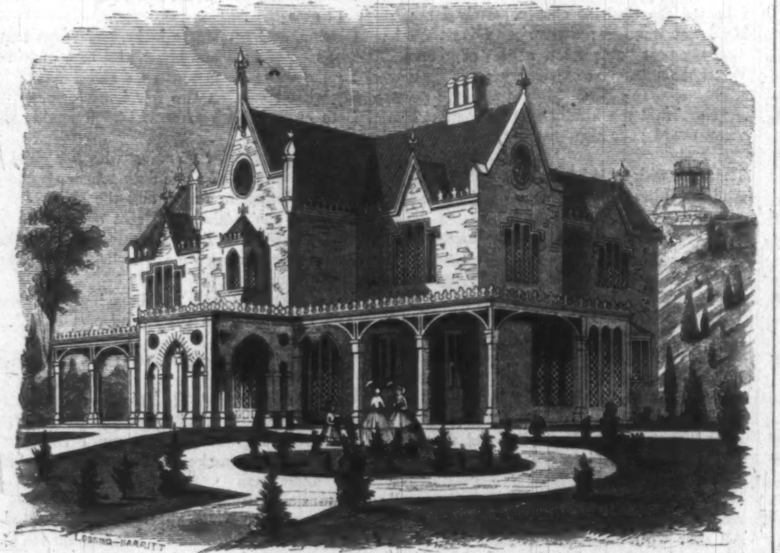
It would probably be difficult to find an area of the same extent better adapted to the purpose of a *Neighborhood Park* than this ground. The contrast between the thickly-shaded groves of the lower section, and the wide-spread lawns and terraces of the higher ground, the wild scenery explored by labyrinthine walks in the western quarter, and the picturesque effect of the bold declivities of the east park looking down through the vista of Sleepy Hollow, make up a most agreeable variety of rural scenes. The roads and carriage-ways leading through these various features of the ground afford excellent facilities for a quiet drive away from the public road, as well as for equestrian exercise, and for juvenile practice in the saddle or the pony-chaise.



RESIDENCE OF HON. B. F. MANIERRE.

We subjoin from the printed circular a brief description of these drives:

"The *Western Drive* commences at the Lower Entrance, taking a northerly direction, parallel with the Pocantico. Along the eastern side of this road, and extending to the Aqueduct, is a range of moderately-elevated, and finely-shaded ground, called the *Croton Range*. On the opposite side, and facing the sites of this Range, is the *West Park*, which is traversed by the *Sylvan Road*, and by winding walks leading to perennial springs, to the Cascade, to balconies overhanging the stream, and to various other secluded spots.



COUNTRY SEAT OF A. V. STOUT, ESQ.

"The *Croton Drive* diverges from the north end of the above road, passing to the east and south, across the Aqueduct, and through the rising ground beyond, till it intersects the *Central Avenue*.

"This Avenue extends from the North Gate of the Upper Entrance, through the central portion of the ground, terminating in the *North Drive*. On either side of it are several smaller sections of the Park, and a number of eligible villa sites. Branching off from this Avenue, on the east, are

"The *North* and *South Circuits*, extending to the *East Park*, and meeting at the Pavilion, on the summit.

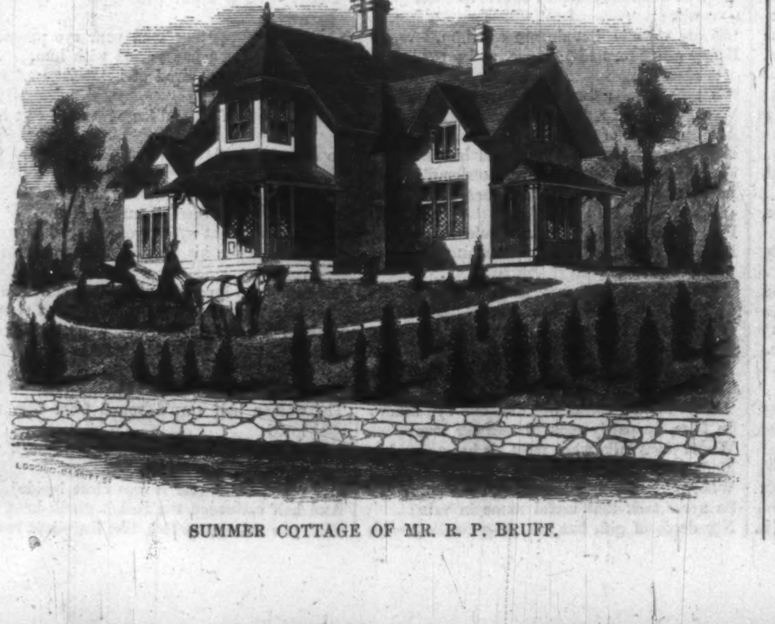
"The *Bank Road* diverges from the Croton Drive near the Aqueduct, and terminates in the *North Drive*.

"The *Terrace Road*, lying east of Central Avenue, and parallel with it, connects the North Drive with the Circuit.

"The *South Drive* commences at the South Gate of the Upper Entrance. Taking an eastern direction, it passes near a fine grove of evergreens, and forms the boundary of several unique and picturesque sites. At the point where it reaches the East Park it sweeps around the shoulder of the hill so as to bring the whole of Sleepy Hollow at once into view. Here it terminates in the

"*Eastern Drive*, which follows the ridge of the hill northward to the Pavilion. This drive separates the East Park from the villa sites on the opposite side. Leaving the Pavilion, it descends toward the north (presenting some of the finest inland as well as river views) till it intersects the North Drive."

On the whole, we are inclined to think that this mode of country life is destined to be speedily and extensively adopted in the vicinity of all our large cities. The Neighborhood Park, on the plan of this one at Tarrytown, offers inducements that no ordinary situation in the country can compete with. The difference in the price of ground under this arrangement is less than we should have supposed, and not to be compared with the advantages and privileges which the ground carries with it.



SUMMER COTTAGE OF MR. R. P. BRUFF.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

THE NARRATIVE OF MARIAN HALCOMBE, TAKEN FROM HER DIARY.

* * * * * *†

LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, *November* 7.

THIS morning Mr. Gilmore left us.

His interview with Laura had evidently grieved and surprised him more than he liked to confess. I felt afraid, from his look and manner when we parted, that she might have inadvertently betrayed to him the real secret of her depression and of my anxiety. This doubt grew on me so, after he had gone, that I declined riding out with Sir Percival, and went up to Laura's room instead.

I have been sadly distrustful of myself in this difficult and lamentable matter ever since I found out my own ignorance of the strength of Laura's unhappy attachment. I ought to have known that the delicacy and forbearance and sense of honor which drew me to poor Hartright, and made me so sincerely admire and respect him, were just the qualities to appeal most irresistibly to Laura's natural sensitiveness and natural generosity of nature. And yet, until she opened her heart to me of her own accord, I had no suspicion that this new feeling had taken root so deeply. I once thought time and care might remove it. I now fear that it will remain with her and alter her for life. The discovery that I have committed such an error in judgment as this makes me hesitate about every thing else. I hesitate about Sir Percival, in the face of the plainest proofs. I hesitate even in speaking to Laura. On this very morning I doubted, with my hand on the door, whether I should ask her the questions I had come to put or not.

When I went into her room I found her walking up and down in great impatience. She looked flushed and excited; and she came forward at once, and spoke to me before I could open my lips.

"I wanted you," she said. "Come and sit down on the sofa with me. Marian! I can bear this no longer—I must and will end it."

There was too much color in her cheeks, too much energy in her manner, too much firmness in her voice. The little book of Hartright's drawings—the fatal book that she will dream over whenever she is alone—was in one of her hands. I began by gently and firmly taking it from her, and putting it out of sight on a side-table.

"Tell me quietly, my darling, what you wish to do," I said. "Has Mr. Gilmore been advising you?"

She shook her head. "No, not in what I am thinking of now. He was very kind and good to me, Marian—and I am ashamed to say I distressed him by crying. I am miserably helpless; I can't control myself. For my own sake, and for all our sakes, I must have courage enough to end it."

"Do you mean courage enough to claim your release?" I asked.

"No," she said, simply. "Courage, dear, to tell the truth."

She put her arms round my neck, and rested her head quietly on my bosom. On the opposite wall hung the miniature portrait of her father. I bent over her, and saw that she was looking at it while her head lay on my breast.

"I can never claim my release from my engagement," she went on. "Whatever way it ends, it must end wretchedly for *me*. All I can do, Marian, is not to add the remembrance that I have broken my promise and forgotten my father's dying words, to make that wretchedness worse."

"What is it you propose, then?" I asked.

"To tell Sir Percival Glyde the truth with my own lips," she answered, "and to let him release me if he will, not because I ask him, but because he knows all."

"What do you mean, Laura, by 'all?' Sir Percival will know enough (he has told me so himself) if he knows that the engagement is opposed to your own wishes."

"Can I tell him that, when the engagement was made for me by my father, with my own consent? I should have kept my promise; not happily, I am afraid; but still contentedly"—she stopped, turned her face to me, and laid her cheek close against mine—"I should have kept my engagement, Marian, if another love had not grown up in my heart, which was not there when I first promised to be Sir Percival's wife."

"Laura! you will never lower yourself by making a confession to him?"

"I shall lower myself indeed if I gain my release by hiding from him what he has a right to know."

"He has not the shadow of a right to know it!"

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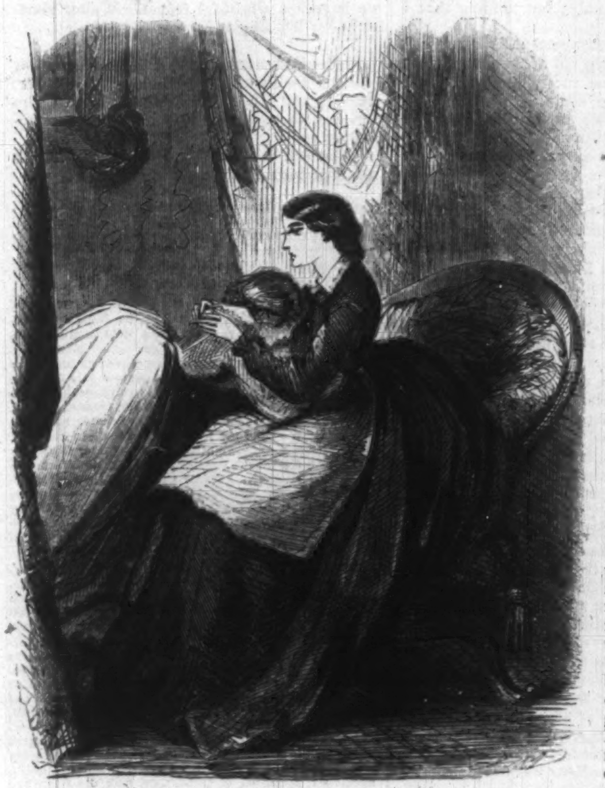
† The passages omitted, here and elsewhere, in Miss Halcombe's Diary, are only those which bear no reference to Miss Fairlie, or to any of the persons with whom she is associated in these pages.



"AND RESTED HER HEAD QUIETLY ON MY BOSOM."

"Wrong, Marian, wrong! I ought to deceive no one—least of all the man to whom my father gave me, and to whom I gave myself." She put her lips to mine, and kissed me. "My own love," she said, softly, "you are so much too fond of me, and so much too proud of me, that you forget in my case what you would remember in your own. Better that Sir Percival should doubt my motives and misjudge my conduct, if he will, than that I should be first false to him in thought, and then mean enough to serve my own interests by hiding the falsehood."

I held her away from me in astonishment. For the first time in our lives we had changed places; the resolution was all on her side, the hesitation all on mine. I looked into the pale, quiet, resigned young face; I saw the pure, innocent heart, in the loving eyes that looked back at me—and the poor, worldly cautions and objections that rose to my lips, dwindled and died away in their own emptiness. I hung my head in silence. In her place the despicably small pride which makes so many women deceitful would have been my pride, and would have made me deceitful, too.

"Don't be angry with me, Marian," she said, mistaking my silence.

I only answered by drawing her close to me again. I was afraid of crying if I spoke. My tears do not flow so easily as they ought—they come, almost like men's tears, with sobs that seem to tear me in pieces, and that frighten every one about me.

"I have thought of this, love, for many days," she went on, twining and twisting my hair, with that childish restlessness in her fingers, which poor Mrs. Vesey still tries so patiently and so vainly to cure her of—"I have thought of it very seriously, and I can be sure of my courage, when my own conscience tells me I am right. Let me speak to him to-morrow—in your presence, Marian. I will say nothing that is wrong, nothing that you or I need be ashamed of—but, oh, it will ease my heart so to end this miserable concealment! Only let me know and feel that I have no deception to answer for on my side; and then, when he has heard what I have to say, let him act toward me as he will."

She sighed, and put her head back in its old position on my bosom. Sad misgivings about what the end would be weighed on my mind; but, still distrusting myself, I told her that I would do as she wished. She thanked me, and we passed gradually into talking of other things.

At dinner she joined us again, and was more easy and more herself with Sir Percival than I have seen her yet. In the evening she went to the piano, choosing new music of the dexterous, tuneless, florid kind. The lovely old melodies of Mozart, which poor Hartright was so fond of, she has never played since he left. The book is no longer in the music-stand. She took the volume away herself, so that nobody might find it out and ask her to play from it.

I had no opportunity of discovering whether her purpose of the morning had changed or not, until she wished Sir Percival good-night—and then her own words informed me that it was unaltered. She said, very quietly, that she wished to speak to him after breakfast, and that he would find her in her sitting-room with me. He changed color at those words, and I felt his hand trembling a little when it came to my turn to take it. The event of the next morning would decide his future life; and he evidently knew it.

I went in, as usual, through the door between our two bedrooms, to bid Laura good-night before she went to sleep. In stooping over her to kiss her, I saw the little book of Hartright's drawings half hidden under her pillow, just in the place where she used to hide her favorite toys when she was a child. I could not find it in my heart to say any thing; but I pointed to the book and shook my head. She reached both hands up to my cheeks, and drew my face down to hers till our lips met.

"Leave it there to-night," she whispered; "to-morrow may be cruel, and may make me say good-by to it forever."

8th.—The first event of the morning was not of a kind to raise my spirits; a letter arrived for me from poor Walter Hartright. It is the answer to mine describing the manner in which Sir Percival cleared himself of the suspicions raised by Anne Catherick's letter. He writes shortly and bitterly about Sir Percival's explanations; only saying that he has no right to offer an opinion on the conduct of those who are above him. This is sad; but his occasional references to himself grieve me still more. He says that the effort to return to his old habits and pursuits grows harder instead of easier to him every day; and he implores me, if I have any interest, to exert it to get him employment that will necessitate his absence from England, and take him among new scenes and new people. I have been made all the readier to comply with this request by a passage at the end of his letter which has almost alarmed me.

After mentioning that he has neither seen nor heard any thing of Anne Catherick, he suddenly breaks off, and hints in the most abrupt, mysterious manner, that he has been perpetually watched and followed by strange men ever since he returned to London. He acknowledges that he can not prove this extraordinary suspicion by fixing on any particular persons; but he declares that the suspicion itself is present to him night and day. This has frightened me, because it looks as if his one fixed idea about Laura was becoming too much for his mind. I will write immediately to some of my mother's influential old friends in London, and press his claims on their notice. Change of scene and change of occupation may really be the salvation of him at this crisis in his life.

Greatly to my relief, Sir Percival sent an apology for not joining us at breakfast. He had taken an early cup of coffee in his own room, and he was still engaged there in writing letters. At eleven o'clock, if that hour was convenient, he would do himself the honor of waiting on Miss Fairlie and Miss Halcombe.

My eyes were on Laura's face while the message was being delivered. I had found her unaccountably quiet and composed on going into her room in the morning; and so she remained all through breakfast. Even when we were sitting together on the sofa in her room, waiting for Sir Percival, she still preserved her self-control.

"Don't be afraid of me, Marian," was all she said: "I may forget myself with an old friend like Mr. Gilmore, or with a dear sister like you; but I will not forget myself with Sir Percival Glyde."

I looked at her, and listened to her in silent surprise. Through all the years of our close intimacy this passive force in her character had been hidden from me—hidden even from herself, till love found it, and suffering called it forth.

As the clock on the mantle-piece struck eleven Sir Percival knocked at the door and came in. There was suppressed anxiety and agitation in every line of his face. The dry, sharp cough, which teases him at most times, seemed to be troubling him more incessantly than ever. He sat down opposite to us at the table; and Laura remained by me. I looked attentively at them both, and he was the palest of the two.

He said a few unimportant words, with a visible effort to preserve his customary ease of manner. But his voice was not to be steadied, and the restless uneasiness in his eyes was not to be concealed. He must have felt this himself; for he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and gave up even the attempt to hide his embarrassment any longer.

There was just one moment of dead silence before Laura addressed him.

"I wish to speak to you, Sir Percival," she said, "on a subject that is very important to us both. My sister is here, because her presence helps me, and gives me confidence. She has not suggested one word of what I am going to say: I speak from my own thoughts, not from hers. I am sure you will be kind enough to understand that before I go any farther?"

Sir Percival bowed. She had proceeded thus far, with perfect outward tranquillity, and perfect propriety of manner. She looked at him, and he looked at her. They seemed, at the outset at least, resolved to understand one another plainly.

"I have heard from Marian," she went on, "that I have only to claim my release from our engagement to obtain that release from you. It was forbearing and generous on your part, Sir Percival, to send me such a message. It is only doing you justice to say that I am grateful for the offer, and I hope and believe that it is only doing myself justice to tell you that I decline to accept it."

His attentive face brightened and relaxed; he seemed to breathe more freely. But I saw one of his feet, softly, quietly, incessantly beating on the carpet under the table, and I felt that he was secretly as anxious as ever.

"I have not forgotten," she said, "that you asked my father's permission before you honored me with a proposal of marriage. Perhaps you have not forgotten, either, what I said when I consented to our engagement? I ventured to tell you that my father's influence and advice had mainly decided me to give you my promise. I was guided by my father, because I had always found him the truest of all advisers, the best and fondest of all protectors and friends. I have lost him now; I have only his memory to love; but my faith in that dear dead friend has never been shaken. I believe, at this moment, as truly as I ever believed, that he knew what was best, and that his hopes and wishes ought to be my hopes and wishes too."

Her voice trembled for the first time. Her restless fingers stole their way into my lap, and held fast by one of my hands. There was another moment of silence; and then Sir Percival spoke.

"May I ask," he said, "if I have ever proved myself unworthy of the trust which it has been hitherto my greatest honor and greatest happiness to possess?"

"I have found nothing in your conduct to blame," she answered. "You have always treated me with the same delicacy and the same forbearance. You have deserved my trust; and, what is of far more importance in my estimation, you have deserved my father's trust, out of which mine grew. You have given me no excuse, even if I had wished to find one, for asking to be released from my pledge. What I have said so far, has been spoken with the wish to acknowledge my whole obligation to you. My regard for that obligation, my regard for my father's memory, and my regard for my own promise, all forbid me to set the example, on *my* side, of withdrawing from our present position. The breaking of our engagement must be entirely your wish and your act, Sir Percival—not mine."

The uneasy beating of his foot suddenly stopped, and he leaned forward eagerly across the table.

"My act?" he said. "What reason can there be on *my* side for withdrawing?"

I heard her breath quickening; I felt her hand growing cold. In spite of what she had said to me when we were alone, I began to be afraid of her. I was wrong.

"A reason that it is very hard to tell you," she answered. "There is a change in me, Sir Percival—a change which is serious enough to justify you, to yourself and to me, in breaking off our engagement."

His face turned so pale again that even his lips lost their color. He raised the arm which lay on the table, turned a little away in his chair, and supported his head on his hand, so that his profile only was presented to us.

"What change?" he asked.

She sighed heavily, and leaned toward me a little, so as to rest her shoulder against mine. I felt her trembling, and tried to spare her by speaking myself. She stopped me by a warning pressure of her hand, and then addressed Sir Percival once more, but this time without looking at him.

"I have heard," she said, "and I believe it, that the fondest and truest of all affections is the affection which a woman ought to bear to her husband. When our engagement began, that affection was mine to give, if I could, and yours to win, if you could. Will you pardon me, and spare me, Sir Percival, if I acknowledge that it is not so any longer?"

A few tears gathered in her eyes, and dropped over her cheeks slowly, as she paused and waited for his answer. He did not utter a word. At the beginning of her reply he had moved the hand on which his head rested so that it hid his face. I saw nothing but the upper part of his figure at the table. Not a muscle of him moved. The fingers of the hand which supported his head were dented deep in his hair; but there was no significant trembling in them. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to tell the secret of his thoughts at that moment—the moment which was the crisis of his life and the crisis of hers.

I was determined to make him declare himself, for Laura's sake.

"Sir Percival!" I interposed, sharply, "have you nothing to say, when my sister has said so much? More, to my opinion," I added, my unlucky temper getting the better of me, "than any man alive, in your position, has a right to hear from her."

That last rash sentence opened a way for him by which to escape me if he chose; and he instantly took advantage of it.

"Pardon me, Miss Halcombe," he said, still keeping his hand over his face—"pardon me, if I remind you that I have claimed no such right."

The few plain words which would have brought him back to the point from which he had wandered were just on my lips, when Laura checked me by speaking again.

"I hope I have not made my painful acknowledgment in vain," she continued. "I hope it has secured me your entire confidence in what I have still to say?"

"Pray be assured of it." He made that brief reply, warmly; dropping his hand on the table while he spoke, and turning toward us again. Whatever outward change had passed over him was gone now. His face was eager and expectant—it expressed nothing but the most intense anxiety to hear her next words.

"I wish you to understand that I have not spoken from any selfish motive," she said. "If you leave me, Sir Percival, after what you have just heard, you do not leave me to marry another man—you only allow me to remain a single woman for the rest of my life. My fault toward you has begun and ended in my own thoughts. It can never go any farther. No word has passed—" She hesitated, in doubt about the expression she should use next; hesitated, in a momentary confusion which it was very sad and very painful to see. "No word has passed," she patiently and resolutely resumed, "between myself and the person to whom I am now referring for the first and last time in your presence, of my feelings toward him, or of his feelings toward me—no word ever can pass—neither he nor I are likely, in this world, to meet again. I earnestly beg you to spare me from saying any more, and to believe me, on my word, in what I have just told you. It is the truth, Sir Percival—the truth which *I* think my promised husband has a claim to hear, at any sacrifice of my own feelings. I trust to his generosity to pardon me, and to his honor to keep my secret."

"Both those trusts are sacred to me," he said, "and both shall be sacredly kept."

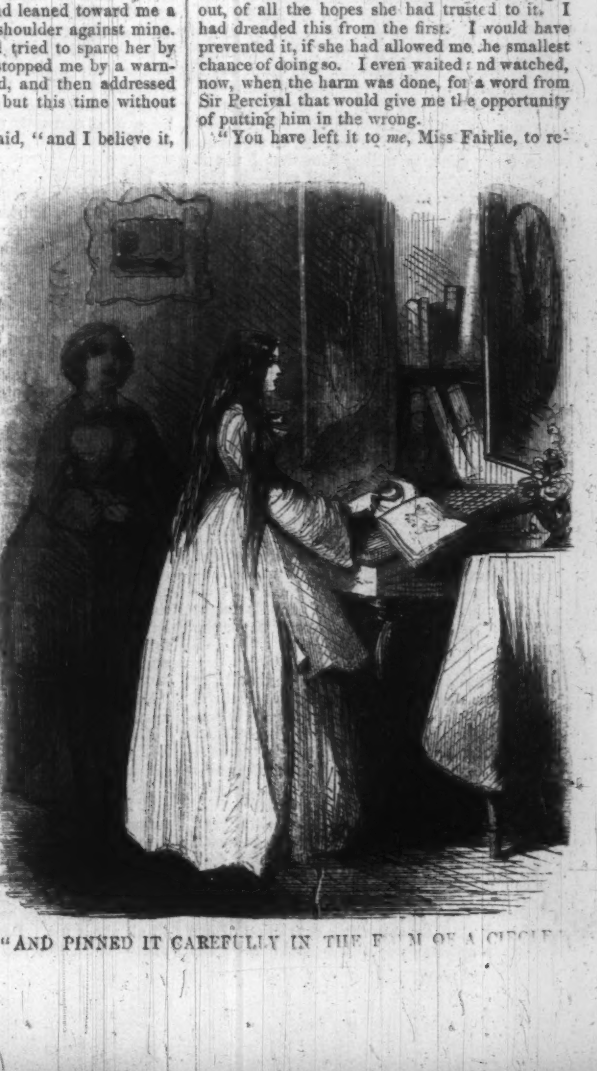
After answering in those terms, he paused, and looked at her, as if he was waiting to hear more.

"I have said all I wished to say," she added, quietly; "I have said more than enough to justify you in withdrawing from your engagement."

"You have said more than enough," he answered, "to make it the dearest object of my life to *keep* the engagement." With those words he rose from his chair, and advanced a few steps toward the place where she was sitting.

She started violently, and a faint cry of surprise escaped her. Every word she had spoken had innocently betrayed her purity and truth to a man who thoroughly understood the priceless value of a pure and true woman. Her own noble conduct had been the hidden enemy, throughout, of all the hopes she had trusted to it. I had dreaded this from the first. I would have prevented it, if she had allowed me the smallest chance of doing so. I even waited and watched, now, when the harm was done, for a word from Sir Percival that would give me the opportunity of putting him in the wrong.

"You have left it to *me*, Miss Fairlie, to re-



"AND PINNED IT CAREFULLY IN THE FORM OF A CIRCLE sign you," he continued. "I am not heartless enough to resign a woman who has just shown herself to be the noblest of her sex."

He spoke with such warmth and feeling, with such passionate enthusiasm and yet with such perfect delicacy, that she raised her head, flushed up a little, and looked at him with sudden animation and spirit.

"No!" she said, firmly. "The most wretched of her sex, if she must give herself in marriage when she can not give her love."

"May she not give it in the future," he asked, "if the one object of her husband's life is to deserve it?"

"Never!" she answered. "If you still persist in maintaining our engagement, I may be your true and faithful wife, Sir Percival—your loving wife, if I know my own heart, never!"

She looked so irresistibly beautiful as she said those brave words that no man alive could have steeled his heart against her. I tried hard to feel that Sir Percival was to blame, and to say so; but my womanhood would pity him in spite of myself.

"I gratefully accept your faith and truth," he said. "The least that *you* can offer is more to me than the utmost that I could hope for from any other woman in the world."

Her left hand still held mine, but her right hand hung listlessly at her side. He raised it gently to his lips—touched it with them rather than kissed it—bowed to me—and then, with perfect delicacy and discretion, silently quitted the room.

She neither moved nor said a word when he was gone; she sat by me, cold and still, with her eyes fixed on the ground. I saw it was hopeless and useless to speak, and I only put my arm round her, and held her to me in silence. We remained together so for what seemed a long and weary time—so long and so weary that I grew uneasy, and spoke to her softly, in the hope of producing a change.

The sound of my voice seemed to startle her into consciousness. She suddenly drew herself away from me and rose to her feet.

"I must submit, Marian, as well as I can," she said. "My new life has its hard duties, and one of them begins to-day."

As she spoke she went to a side-table near the window, on which her sketching materials were placed, gathered them together carefully, and put them in a drawer of her cabinet. She locked the drawer and brought the key to me.

"I must part from every thing that reminds me of him," she said. "Keep the key wherever you please—I shall never want it again."

Before I could say a word she had turned away to her book-case, and had taken from it the album that contained Walter Hartright's drawings. She hesitated for a moment, holding the little volume fondly in her hands—then lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

"Oh, Laura! Laura!" I said, not angrily, not reprovingly—with nothing but sorrow in my voice, and nothing but sorrow in my heart.

"It is the last time, Marian," she pleaded. "I am bidding it good-by forever."

She laid the book on the table and drew out the comb that fastened her hair. It fell, in its matchless beauty, over her back and shoulders, and dropped round her far below her waist. She separated one long, thin lock from the rest, cut it off, and pinned it carefully, in the form of a circle, on the first blank page of the album. The moment it was fastened she closed the volume hurriedly, and placed it in my hands.

"You write to him, and he writes to you," she said. "While I am alive, if he asks after me, always tell him I am well, and never say I am unhappy. Don't distress him, Marian—for *my* sake, don't distress him. If I die first, promise you will give him this little book of his drawings, with my hair in it. There can be no harm, when I am gone, in telling him that I put it there with my own hands. And say—oh, Marian, say for me, then, what I can never say for myself—say I loved him!"

She flung her arms round my neck, and whispered the last words in my ear with a passionate delight in uttering them which it almost broke my heart to hear. All the long restraint she had imposed on herself gave way in that first last outburst of tenderness. She broke from me with hysterical vehemence, and threw herself on the sofa in a paroxysm of sobs and tears that shook her from head to foot.

I tried vainly to soothe her and reason with her: she was past being soothed, and past being reasoned with. It was the sad, sudden end, for us two, of this memorable day. When the fit had worn itself out she was too exhausted to speak. She slumbered toward the afternoon: and I put away the book of drawings so that she might not see it when she woke. My face was calm, whatever my heart might be, when she opened her eyes again and looked at me. We said no more to each other about the distressing interview of the morning. Sir Percival's name was not mentioned, Walter Hartright was not alluded to again by either of us for the remainder of the day.

9th.—Finding that she was composed and like herself this morning, I returned to the painful subject of yesterday, for the sole purpose of imploring her to let me speak to Sir Percival and Mr. Fairlie, more plainly and strongly than she could speak to either of them herself, about this lamentable marriage. She interposed, gently but firmly, in the middle of my remonstrances.

"I left yesterday to decide," she said; "and yesterday *has* decided. It is too late to go back."

Sir Percival spoke to me this afternoon, feelingly and unreservedly, about what had passed in Laura's room. He assured me that the unparalleled trust she had placed in him had awakened such an answering conviction of her innocence and integrity in his mind that he was guiltless of having felt even a moment's unworthy jealousy, either at the time when he was in her presence, or afterward when he had withdrawn from it. Deeply as he lamented the unfortunate attachment which had hindered the progress he might otherwise have made in her esteem and regard, he firmly believed that it had remained unacknowledged in the past, and that it would remain, under all changes of circumstances which it was possible to contemplate, unacknowledged in the future. This was his absolute conviction; and the strongest proof he could give of it was the assurance, which he now offered, that he felt no curiosity to know whether the attachment was of recent date or not, or who had been the object of it. His implicit confidence in Miss Fairlie made him satisfied with what she had thought fit to say to him, and he was honestly innocent of the slightest feeling of anxiety to hear more.

He waited, after saying those words, and looked at me. I was so conscious of my unreasonable prejudice against him—so conscious of an unworthy suspicion that he might be speculating on my impulsively answering the very questions which he had just described himself as resolved not to ask—that I evaded all reference to this part of the subject with something like a feeling of confusion on my own part. At the same time, I was resolved not to lose even the smallest opportunity of trying to plead Laura's cause; and I told him boldly that I regretted his generosity had not carried him one step farther, and induced him to withdraw from the engagement altogether.

Here, again, he disarmed me by not attempting to defend himself. He would merely beg me to remember the difference there was between his allowing Miss Fairlie to give him up, which was a matter of submission only, and his forcing himself to give up Miss Fairlie, which was, in other words, asking him to be the suicide of his own hopes. Her conduct of the day before had so strengthened the unchangeable love and admiration of two long years, that all active contention against those feelings, on his part, was henceforth entirely out of his power. I must think him weak, selfish, unfeeling toward the very woman whom he idolized, and he must bow to my opinion as resignedly as he could; only putting it to me, at the same time, whether her future as a single woman, pining under an unhappily placed attachment which she could never acknowledge, could be said to promise her a much brighter prospect than her future as the wife of a man who worshiped the very ground she walked on? In the last case there was hope from time, however slight it might be—in the first case, on her own showing, there was no hope at all.

I answered him—more because my tongue is a woman's, and must answer, than because I had any thing convincing to say. It was only too plain that the course Laura had adopted the day before had offered him the advantage if he chose to take it—and that he *had* chosen to take it. I felt this at the time, and I feel it just as strongly now, while I write these lines, in my own room. The one hope left is, that his motives really spring, as he says they do, from the irresistible strength of his attachment to Laura.

Before I close my diary for to-night, I must record that I wrote to-day, in poor Hartright's interests, to two of my mother's old friends in London—both men of influence and position. If they can do any thing for him, I am quite sure they will. Except Laura, I never was more anxious about any one than I am now about Walter. All that has happened since he left us has only increased my strong regard and sympathy for him. I hope I am doing right in trying to help him to employment abroad—I hope, most earnestly and anxiously, that it will end well.

10th.—Sir Percival had an interview with Mr. Fairlie, and I was sent for to join them.

I found Mr. Fairlie greatly relieved at the prospect of the "family worry" (as he was pleased to describe his niece's marriage) being settled at last. So far I did not feel called on to say any thing to him about my own opinion; but when he proceeded, in his most aggravatingly languid manner, to suggest that the time for the marriage had better be settled next, in accordance with Sir Percival's wishes, I enjoyed the satisfaction of assailing Mr. Fairlie's nerves with as strong a protest against hurrying Laura's decision as I could put into words. Sir Percival immediately assured me that he felt the force of my objection, and begged me to believe that the proposal had not been made in consequence of any interference on his part. Mr. Fairlie leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, said we both of us did honor to human nature, and then repeated his suggestion, as coolly as if neither Sir Percival nor I had said a word in opposition to it. It ended in my flatly declining to mention the subject to Laura, unless she first approached it of her own accord. I left the room at once after making that declaration. Sir Percival looked seriously embarrassed and distressed. Mr. Fairlie stretched out his lazy legs on his velvet footstool, and said: "Dear Marian! how I envy you your robust nervous system! Don't bang the door!"

On going to Laura's room I found that she had asked for me, and that Mrs. Vesey had informed her that I was with Mr. Fairlie. She inquired at once what I had been wanted for; and I told her all that had passed, without attempting to conceal the vexation and annoyance that I really felt. Her answer surprised and distressed me inexpressibly; it was the very last reply that I should have expected her to make.

"My uncle is right," she said. "I have caused trouble and anxiety enough to you, and to all about me. Let me cause no more, Marian—let Sir Percival decide."

I remonstrated warmly; but nothing that I could say moved her.

"I am held to my engagement," she replied; "I have broken with my old life. The evil day will not come the less surely because I put it off. No, Marian! once again, my uncle is right. I have caused trouble enough and anxiety enough, and I will cause no more."

She used to be pliability itself; but she was now inflexibly passive in her resignation—I might almost say in her despair. Dearly as I love her, I should have been less pained if she had been violently agitated; it was so shockingly unlike her natural character to see her as cold and insensible as I saw her now.

11th.—Sir Percival put some questions to me at breakfast about Laura, which left me no choice but to tell him what she had said.

While we were talking she herself came down and joined us. She was just as unnaturally composed in Sir Percival's presence as she had been in mine. When breakfast was over he had an opportunity of saying a few words to her privately, in a recess of one of the windows. They were not more than two or three minutes together; and, on their separating, she left the room with Mrs. Vesey, while Sir Percival came to me. He said he had entreated her to favor him by maintaining her privilege of fixing the time for the marriage at her own will and pleasure. In reply, she had merely expressed her acknowledgments, and had desired him to mention what his wishes were to Miss Halcombe.

I have no patience to write more. In this instance, as in every other, Sir Percival has carried his point, with the utmost possible credit to himself, in spite of every thing that I can say or do. His wishes are now what they were, of course, when he first came here; and Laura having resigned herself to the one inevitable sacrifice of the marriage, remains as coldly hopeless and enduring as ever. In parting with the little occupations and relics that reminded her of Hartright, she seems to have parted with all her tenderness and all her impressibility. It is only three o'clock in the afternoon while I write these lines, and Sir Percival has left us already, in the happy hurry of a bridegroom, to prepare for the bride's reception at his house in Hampshire. Unless some extraordinary event happens to prevent it, they will be married exactly at the time when he wished to be married—before the end of the year. My very fingers burn as I write it!

12th.—A sleepless night, through uneasiness about Laura. Toward the morning I came to a resolution to try what change of scene would do to rouse her. She can not surely remain in her present torpor of insensibility, if I take her away from Limmeridge, and surround her with the pleasant faces of old friends? After some consideration, I decided on writing to the Arnolds, in Yorkshire. They are simple, kind-hearted, hospitable people, and she has known them from her childhood. When I had put the letter in the post-bag I told her what I had done. It would have been a relief to me if she had shown the spirit to resist and object. But no—she only said, "I will go any where with *you*, Marian. I dare say you are right—I dare say the change will do me good."

13th.—I wrote to Mr. Gilmore, informing him that there was really a prospect of this miserable marriage taking place, and also mentioning my idea of trying what change of scene would do for Laura. I had no heart to go into particulars. Time enough for them when we get nearer to the end of the year.

14th.—Three letters for me. The first, from the Arnolds, full of delight at the prospect of seeing Laura and me. The second, from one of the gentlemen to whom I wrote on Walter Hartright's behalf, informing me that he has been fortunate enough to find an opportunity of complying with my request. The third, from Walter himself, thanking me, poor fellow, in the warmest terms, for giving him an opportunity of leaving his home, his country, and his friends. A private expedition to make excavations among the ruined cities of Central America is, it seems, about to sail from Liverpool. The draughtsman who had been already appointed to accompany it has lost heart, and withdrawn at the eleventh hour; and Walter is to fill his place. He is to be engaged for six months certain, from the time of the landing in Honduras, and for a year afterward, if the excavations are successful, and if the funds hold out. His letter ends with a promise to write me a farewell line, when they are all on board ship, and when the pilot leaves them. I can only hope and pray earnestly that he and I are both acting in this matter for the best. It seems such a serious step for him to take that the mere contemplation of it startles me. And yet, in his unhappy position, how can I expect him, or wish him, to remain at home?

15th.—The carriage is at the door. Laura and I set out on our visit to the Arnolds today.

* * * * * *

POLESDEAN LODGE, YORKSHIRE.

23d.—A week in these new scenes, and among these kind-hearted people, has done her some good, though not so much as I had hoped. I have resolved to prolong our stay for another week at least. It is useless to go back to Limmeridge till there is an absolute necessity for our return.

24th.—Sad news by this morning's post. The expedition to Central America sailed on the twenty-first. We have parted with a true man; we have lost a faithful friend. Walter Hartright has left England.

25th.—Sad news yesterday: ominous news to-day. Sir Percival Glyde has written to Mr. Fairlie; and Mr. Fairlie has written to Laura and me, to recall us to Limmeridge immediately.

What can this mean? Has the day for the marriage been fixed in our absence?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 16, in the Senate, Senator Douglas offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill to protect each State from invasion by people of other States. Senator Sumner presented a petition for cheap postage, and also moved an inquiry as to the expediency of reducing the present rate of ocean postage. Senator Yulee moved an inquiry into the practicability of providing a system for the transmission of money and other valuables by mail. Senator Sebastian introduced a bill for the relief of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Senator Bigler introduced a bill for the suppression of invasions from one State into another. Senator Clingman then took the floor, discussing Senator Pugh's resolution.——In the House, a speech on the politics of the day was made by Mr. Underwood, of Georgia, after which there was a desultory conversation on party movement, in which several members took part. No vote was taken for Speaker.

On Tuesday, January 17, in the Senate, Senator Sumner introduced a bill, supplementary to the act of 1851, relative to the liabilities of ship-owners. Senator Slidell reported in favor of the passage of the bill to prohibit the circulation of bank-bills of a less denomination than $20 in the District of Columbia. Senator Brown corrected a reported speech of his relative to the position and condition of slaves. The hour for going into an election of Printer to the Senate having arrived, Senator Brown proceeded to give his reasons why he should not vote for Mr. Bowman. A protracted colloquy ensued, when a vote was had, resulting in 27 votes for Mr. Bowman, out of 48 cast.——In the House, Mr. Pennington withdrew his resolution for the adoption of the plurality rule, in order, as he said, to relieve the House of confusion. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, then took the floor, and moved the adoption of the plurality rule, on which he demanded the previous question. This gave rise to some excitement and confusion. In the heat of the excitement, Mr. Hickman charged Northern Democrats with being influenced by Southerners, when Messrs. M'Clernand and Pryor declared the charges false. Mr. Hickman reiterated his charge. No vote was had for Speaker.

On Wednesday, Jan. 18, in the Senate, Senator Gwin introduced a bill to establish a line of electric telegraph to California. Senator Brown moved instructions to the Territorial Committee to insert clauses in Territorial bills for the protection of Slave property in the Territories. The motion went over under the rules. Senator Hale desiring to put a private bill on its final passage, Senator Mason objected, taking the position that, owing to the non-organization of the House, there was no Congress. After some discussion, Senator Hale withdrew his motion. Senator Bayard then had laid on the table for future action, a resolution that no final vote be taken on bills or joint resolutions, until the organization of the House. An Executive session was had, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a warm discussion took place between Messrs. M'Rae, Washburn, Craige, Clopton, and others, on the motion for the adoption of the plurality rule, made yesterday by Mr. Hutchins. Mr. Clopton made a speech in favor of disunion, and a conversation ensued in which many members took part on Slavery, party tactics, the Speakership, etc.

On Thursday, Jan. 19, in the Senate, on motion of Senator Douglas, his resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the better protection of States against invasion, was made the special order for Monday afternoon next. The question as to the existence of a Congress, owing to the non-organization of the House, was brought up again by Senator Mason, and discussed and dropped without action. Senator King moved an investigation respecting the payments for public printing, when the Senate adjourned to Monday.——In the House, a speech on the Slavery question was made by Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas. Mr. Bingham then called up the plurality resolution, which was resisted by motions and speeches causing delay. In reply to questions put by Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, it was admitted that the Democrats had signed an agreement not to permit the plurality rule to be adopted.

On Friday, Jan. 20, the Senate not being in session, a speech on secession was made by Mr. Noel, of Missouri. Personal explanations referring to newspapers were made by Messrs. Pryor, of Virginia, and Howard, of Ohio. Mr. Babbitt, of Ohio, reminded the House that the plurality resolution was the question before the House. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, after vainly endeavoring to induce Mr. Clark, of Missouri, to withdraw his resolution referring to the Helper book, made a speech explaining how he became an apparent indorser of the book. A long conversational debate ensued, and the House adjourned to Monday.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Realf, old Brown's Secretary of State, has arrived in Washington, and will be shortly examined before the Senate Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. Some important revelations are looked for, as it is understood he will unreservedly confess all he knows respecting the foray of Brown. Subpœnas have been issued for Giddings, Lawrence, Sanborn, and others, and it is said that probably Senator Wilson will be called on to testify before the Committee.

LOUISIANA PREPARED TO ACT WITH THE SOUTH.

In the Louisiana Legislature, on Wednesday, January 18, the Governor's Message was read. It recommends that the State be prepared to meet its sister States of the South in Convention in case of certain contingencies; favors retaliating upon the hostility of the North by licensing, and inflicting discriminations against Northern goods, amounting to an absolute prohibition.

The House passed a joint resolution, declaring the Harper's Ferry affair an attack on the rights and privileges of the South, and alleging that the hostility of the North and the election of a Republican President will cause a dissolution of the Union.

THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of Kansas, which has been sitting, the minority at Lecompton, and the majority at Lawrence, adjourned on the 18th. It is understood that the Governor will at once issue a call for an extra session, which will be held at the latter place.

A NEW FILIBUSTER MOVEMENT.

Information was received at Washington last week that thirty-five hundred men are now in New Orleans ready to embark for Vera Cruz. They go out as immigrants, and will be received into citizenship by the Juarez, or Liberal Government, when they will be mustered into service under American officers, such as Generals Ring and Wheat, and will sustain that Government until the Senate ratifies the M'Lane Treaty, which they expect will be speedily done. The leaders of these immigrants expect, for the aid they will afford the Liberals, to obtain the renewal of the grant for a railroad from Aransas Bay to Mazatlan, in the Gulf of California, and agree to pay for it the sum of ten thousand dollars. The immigrants about to embark from New Orleans agree to remain and engage as laborers in constructing the aforesaid railroad, and at the same time will be recognized as a military organization for their own protection and the protection of the country through which they pass.

LETTER FROM MR. SHERMAN.

The following letter to the Peyton Banquet Committee has been published:

"WASHINGTON CITY, *Jan.* 10, 1860.

"GENTLEMEN,—The claims of public duty here will deny me the pleasure of participating personally in the compliment which you have tendered to the Hon. Baylie Peyton. I regret this the more, since one of the objects intended is to 'bring together men of position and influence from different sections of our common country, in order that they may unite in such an expression of sentiment as will tend to promote peace and good-will throughout the Union.'

"No man, North or South, who is animated by a patriotic impulse, or who appreciates his citizenship in its high and national sense, can hesitate to approve the 'expression of sentiment' which you propose. Events have recently occurred which the reason and justice of the country deplore and condemn, not only as wrong in themselves, but calculated to loosen the ties of fraternity and fellowship by which our people should be bound together. The unworthy attempts of partisans to charge the responsibility of those individual acts upon a whole section, and to arraign it before the world as sympathizing with such criminality, has provoked a feeling of deep indignation, because of this shameful injustice. The North knows its duties and its rights, and means to fulfill the one and to assert the other, in the Union and under the Constitution. It has no desire to infringe upon any right of the South, nor to encourage, palliate, or justify outrages upon or invasions of its territory, or any means by which they may be incited; nor to disturb those relations of brotherhood by which we have grown into the dignity and proportions of a great nation.

"The Constitution was framed and adopted in a spirit of conciliation and mutual concession. If we do not inherit all the virtues, we may at least cherish the precepts and the example of the fathers who projected that work of wisdom and patriotism. In the dark hours of the Republic, when civil commotion threatened perils more serious than the rash ravings of disunionists and agitators now do, that Constitution proved to be our refuge and safety. Let us cling to it, in this period of discord and strife, as the best hope and guide, each section vying with the other in renewing its devotions to all the compromises under which it was formed, and all the obligations which it imposes. Accepted with this purpose, there will be no North or South, no East or West, but a contented and happy people, enjoying the blessings and sharing the prosperity of a common and glorious Union.

"With high respect, JOHN SHERMAN.

"Messrs. CAREY, MCMICHAEL, INGERSOLL, and others."

THE LATEST FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

From Pike's Peak we learn that the miners were still at work, industriously improving the mild weather. An election, which had just been held, is looked upon as a decided popular expression in favor of a separate organization of Jefferson Territory. The news which this mail brings from Salt Lake is unimportant, the only item being a desperate encounter between two gangs of desperadoes, the particulars of which are not given.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM TEXAS.

The *Herald* says: "Several years ago Mr. Wigfall, the new United States Senator from Texas, was a resident of South Carolina, and a member of the Legislature of that State. A difficulty arose between him and Mr. Brooks, the father of the late Preston S. Brooks, and Mr. Wigfall posted Mr. Brooks as a rascal and a coward, after the fashion down there. Mr. Bird, a son of the then wife of Mr. Brooks, came to town about that time, but in ignorance of the difficulty called on Mr. Wigfall, with whom he was on friendly terms, and invited him to his then approaching wedding. The two gentlemen were proceeding through the streets together, when the placard in question attracted Mr. Bird's attention. Turning at once to Mr. Wigfall, he asked if he (Mr. Wigfall) was its author. Mr. W. responded that he was. Mr. Bird then said he would tear it down. Mr. W. forbade him at his peril. Mr. B., however, did it. A shooting affray immediately followed, in which Mr. Bird was killed by Mr. Wigfall. A son of Mr. Brooks, Sen., took up the quarrel and challenged Mr. Wigfall. They met. Mr. Wigfall received Mr. Brooks's fire unharmed, and then discharged his pistol in the air. The duel was at this point arrested. Immediately afterward Mr. Wigfall received a second challenge from Preston S. Brooks, known subsequently for his assault on Senator Sumner. This challenge Mr. Wigfall declined to accept. This quarrel, however, was not allowed to subside, and, to avoid farther bloodshed, Mr. Wigfall soon after withdrew from the State and removed to Texas, where he has since resided. From his seclusion thence he has now emerged into the Senate of the United States."

TIGHTNESS OF THE MONEY MARKET AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of one of the Western papers says: "Washington City is at a dead lock, pecuniarily. I am told that no merchant can get $500 from bank here, for the very simple reason that the banks haven't got any money. The banks have invested all their money in Post-office drafts, and there is no appropriation until there is a Speaker. But that money is scarce here is undeniably true. Every body who wants it has more than the usual difficulty in getting it. It is said that Glossbrenner, the Sergeant-at-Arms, has advanced members the sum of $90,000, expecting to be repaid when the Speaker can sign warrants. But the $90,000 have broken him, and he shows a blank face and an empty purse to all applicants. But this is one fact about the tightness of money which may be remarked as a sign of the times."

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE AT NEW YORK.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes as follows:

"The amount of dry goods sold during the festive season is a pretty good criterion of the state of the money market. It is safe to infer, therefore, that New York coffers are well furnished, for our ladies have been allowed more for dresses from the 10th ult. to the present date than at any corresponding period since 1851. For example, one firm in Broadway is said to have sold $20,000 worth of fine silks, satins, and velvets, not to mention shawls, muslins, and plainer articles within the period mentioned. I have seen one dress purchased at this house, which, with its trimmings, cost $455. It is of violet color moire of the richest quality sprigged with purple. The trimming consists of eleven narrow flounces covered with juipure of myrtle green, and embellished with a broad band of black velvet just above the hem. There is a pocket on each side half concealed by a ceinture of black velvet, the ends of which hang down in graceful folds like drapery. The details may seem to contrast too much with each other, but the general effect is elegant and tasteful. Another dress, purchased at the same store, is one of groseille color silk, which cost $350. It is figured with small bouquets of flowers, and has nine narrow flounces, each edged with velvet. But the corsage is its most beautiful feature, ornamented, as it is, with a fichu berthe of tulle trimmed with blonde. The purchaser of the former is a Brazilian lady, the wife of a diplomatic functionary; and the latter is the bridal present of a New York merchant prince to his niece, one of the most beautiful young ladies in Fifth Avenue."

CAUTION TO CLERGYMEN.

Rev. A. S. Finch publishes, in the Brockport *Advertiser*, a card of warning to the public, and his brethren, the clergy, in particular, against a woman whom he married early last fall, and who has since deserted and ruined him. He explains how his ruin was accomplished. While attending the Brockport Camp Meeting, a woman, small in stature, wearing specs, and prepossessing in appearance, appeared, pursued him in a carriage, told him of her esteem and how much she was worth, and induced him to marry her. He consented, the knot was tied, and she having accomplished his ruin, forsook him, probably to find another victim. Mr. Finch asserts in his card that this woman had served two men at least, in the same way before—one residing at Belleville, Canada West, the other in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin man she left in a destitute condition, with three children to provide for. Lest she may inflict similar outrages upon others of our sex, we give this much publicity to the statement. Clergymen, who may be single—susceptible to the influence of the sex and the blandishments of fortune—should beware of females small in stature, prepossessing in appearance, wearing specs, pretending to the possession of great wealth, and who pursue men in carriages to effect their ruin.

HOW THEY DANCE AT WASHINGTON.

An Ohio editor gives his views of several dances which he lately witnessed at a ball in Washington. He says: "The want of variety in this metropolitan dancing was, however, fully made up by the fancy things, such as the waltz and polka. These were absolutely barbarous. The old-fashioned waltz, the morality of which even Byron called in question, is here ignored as altogether too cold and distant. The lady lays her head on the gentleman's bosom, puts one hand on his, and the other in his coat-tail pocket, and resigns herself to his embraces, and goes to sleep, all but her feet, which, when not carried by him clear off the floor, go patting around on the toes. The gentleman thus entwined throws his head back and his eyes up, like a dying calf; his body bent in the shape of a figure 4, he whirls, backs up, swings around, swoons, to all appearances, dashes forward, and leaves the ring, to the delight of all decent people."

PERSONAL.

At the last President's levee in Washington considerable amusement was created during the evening by the rather strange conduct and uniform worn by a gentleman present, who made himself unusually conspicuous. It was ascertained that he was a stranger from the West, and had been persuaded to adopt the attire he wore by some wags, who informed him that he must wear a court dress or military uniform on his appearance at the reception of the President.

Chief Justice Taney has sufficiently recovered from his attack of pneumonic catarrh to believe that he will be able to resume his seat in the Supreme Court very shortly.

It is rumored that Captain Henry de la Rivière, "the gallant Zouave," is in reduced circumstances in this city, and that Phelan, the billiard man, at the earnest solicitation of Lola Montez, has given him a situation as marker at one of his up-town saloons, with a new suit of clothes and $40 a month.

Mr. Charles O'Conor is in a fair way to reap honor and promotion as the harvest of his speech at the Academy of Music. A Southern print has put forward his name for the Presidency; and at a meeting of colored citizens in Prince Street last week he was suggested as a proper appointment to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Memminger, the Commissioner from South Carolina to Virginia, has been escorted to the Capitol of the latter State by the military. He made a speech of four hours' duration to an immense crowd on the state of public affairs, and urged a convention of the Southern States to consider their relations with the North.

The Commercial Advertiser says that Lady Franklin will visit this city within a few weeks, and that while here she will be the guest of Henry Grinnell, Esq.

Clark B. Cochrane, member of Congress from the Eighteenth district of New York, who has been ill for some time, having become insane, was on Wednesday taken to the Utica Asylum. It is believed that skillful treatment will soon restore him to reason.

Monsieur Charles Heidseck, the celebrated Champagne wine proprietor, has arrived in this city, en route to the West to hunt buffaloes and other animals. He is provided with the finest shooting utensils—some of unequaled Parisian excellence.

The artists in Washington went over to Baltimore on Tuesday to "assist" at the marriage of Mignot, the landscape painter, to a daughter of Dr. Harris, of that city. Afterward Kensett, Browne, and Lambdin, the Art Commissioners, met in Washington to report on the Capitol decorations.

After the close of the Indiana Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, on the 12th inst., two of the delegates, Colonel May and Mr. Dunham, had a set-to. As Mr. Dunham was proceeding to the Palmer House, in company with Dr. Eddy, Colonel May, who stood on the corner by the Bates House, crossed over, and calling to Mr. Dunham, said he wished to speak to him. Dunham replied, "You can't speak to me." At this reply the Colonel "hauled off," and struck a heavy blow at Dunham, which the latter parried and returned with a severe counter on May's forehead, over the eye, which cut a large and ugly-looking gash. Several other blows passed, those of Mr. Dunham doing considerable execution; but spectators interfered in a moment, and parted the combatants. Colonel May was badly bruised and cut. Mr. Dunham escaped with but a scratch or two.

The New York correspondent of a Charleston paper says: "In the way of gossip, rumor has it that a fair niece of Mayor Wood is soon to be led to the hymeneal altar by a Cuban millionaire.

The Hon. John Cochrane, of New York, who has been confined to his bed for a few days past at Willard's, with a very painful affection of the throat, is much better.

The Boston *Traveller* publishes the following extract from a private letter received in that city from Peterborough, New York: "You will be happy to learn that Gerrit Smith has returned home; that his health is fast improving; that, though weak, he is perfectly sane; talks freely on all the great events which have transpired; sleeps well, and has a good appetite; rides and walks every day, but avoids reading and writing; and does not receive company at present, because his strength is not yet great. He is, however, round the village as usual, ministering to the wants of the sick and poor. His temporary alienation of mind his physicians declare to have been caused solely by his physical disease, in which acute dyspepsia was most apparent, and his complete restoration to full vigor of mind and body is considered a certainty."

The Secretary of the Interior has applied to the Sac and Fox Indians for a full Indian war-dress, to be presented, through the French Minister, to Louis Napoleon. The tribe has most generously responded with a splendid equipment; scalping-knife, tomahawk, peace-pipe, and various other articles of savage warfare. No expense has been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

Kaufholtz, who was shot in Chicago last week, by his partner, Williams, in a fit of jealousy, is slowly recovering. His life is due, probably, to the faithfulness of his dog, which, when Williams attacked his master, sprang upon him with a ferocity which finally compelled Williams to make a hasty exit. Had it not been for the dog, Williams would most undoubtedly have killed him, as he was intensely enraged at the time, and expressed great regret afterward when informed that the wounded man would recover.

The Philadelphia *Press* has reason to believe that G. P. R. James intends leaving Venice and returning to his former office of British Consul at Richmond, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRESENT POSITION OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

MR. CAMPBELL, Chairman of the Great Ship Company, has issued a document explanatory of the present position of the *Great Eastern*. He paints the state of affairs as far less hopeless than represented, and says that much of the present trouble arises from dissension in the Board of Directors. The document is accompanied by printed correspondence with the Government, in which the same aid is demanded for the *Great Eastern* as had been accorded to other vessels under the subsidy system. Mr. Gladstone replied to this intimation by stating that nothing can be done until the Committee on Contracts make their report.

THE LAST ENGLISH ELOPEMENT.

The *Kentish Observer* of December 31 gives the following particulars of the late English elopement: "We regret to have this week to record the elopement of the wife of Mr. Smith Bannerman (a gentleman of large property, living at Hunton, near Maidstone) with the Rev. A. W. Green, curate to the Rev. Canon Moore, at Hunton. It seems that the painful fact was discovered by Mr. Bannerman on his return from a day's hunting; and there can be no doubt that the elopement had been planned many weeks before, and only put off for a favorable opportunity. The guilty couple were traced to Gravesend, but they had got four hours' start of their pursuers, and Mr. Bannerman only learned that they had crossed the water in a boat that had been off Gravesend for some weeks. It is stated that they had been seen with a brace of loaded pistols, as if determined upon extremities in case they had been overtaken. The affair has occasioned the most painful feeling among all classes of the community in the neighborhood where it occurred. The curate, Mr. Green, had always been looked upon with respect for the faithful discharge of his clerical duties, and Canon Moore, the rector of Hunton, had a particular regard for him. The lady has property in her own right amounting to £100,000." It appears that before her marriage to Mr. Bannerman Mr. Green wished to make her his wife, but the father refused, and eventually induced her to marry Mr. Bannerman, who is a rich Dutch merchant.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

According to custom the Emperor on New-Year's Day received the members of the diplomatic corps in *la salle du trône*. The reception took place at 1 P.M., and is thus recorded in the *Moniteur*.

SPEECH OF THE POPE'S NUNCIO TO THE EMPEROR.

The Papal Nuncio addressed the Emperor as follows:

"SIRE,—On the first day of the year, which assembles the diplomatic body around your Majesty, I have the honor, Sire, to offer you its respectful homage."

REPLY OF NAPOLEON TO THE MINISTERS.

The Emperor replied as follows:

"I thank the diplomatic body for the good wishes it has expressed on the event of the new year; and I am especially happy at this time to have an opportunity of reminding its representatives that since my accession to power, *I have always professed the most profound respect for recognized rights*. Be then assured that the constant aim of my efforts will be to re-establish every where, in so much as depends upon me, confidence and peace."

His Majesty passed before the diplomatic circle, and spoke a few words to each embassador, making inquiries officially respecting the health of their sovereigns. The reception lasted twenty-five minutes.

The Emperor's speech was generally regarded as satisfactory, but attracted attention.

WILL THERE BE A CONGRESS?

The London *Times*, in an editorial, says that present appearances indicate that the contemplated European Congress will not take place, and argues that the position of England in such a case will be so much better. It says that, in the event of no Congress being held, all that will then remain will be to recognize the Central Italian State which has been formed out of the Romagna and the Duchies, either as an independent kingdom or as part of the Sardinian monarchy; to take our stand on accomplished facts, and leave the Pope and his supporters to their remedy.

The *Daily News* remarks that the projected Congress is indefinitely postponed, and that no friend of the cause of freedom in Italy need regret the temporary difficulty in which diplomacy finds itself, as every month gained confirms the liberties of the Italian States, and justifies their revolution before the world.

The Paris correspondent, writing on the 1st of January, says it was then reported in Paris that the Congress would be summoned for the end of January, but the exact day was not known.

A dispatch, dated Rome, January 3, says that the Duc de Grammont had positively stated to the Holy See that the pamphlet, "The Pope and the Congress," does not contain the programme of the French Government. The explanation produced an excellent effect on the Pope, and it was hoped that he would not object to be represented at the Congress.

EFFECT OF THE NAPOLEON PAMPHLET.

The Russian Embassador, Count Kisseleff, has declared to Count Walewski that the pamphlet "*Le Pape et le Congres*" contains—without considering the religious question, with which Russia does not intend to interfere—principles in opposition to the respect of authority on which the Russian Government is founded, and that, consequently, Russia will oppose the programme drawn up in that pamphlet.

According to a telegram received by Count Rechberg from Prince Metternich, Count Walewski has declared to the Diplomatic Corps in Paris that, as long as he remains at the head of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the pamphlet "*Le Pape et le Congres*" shall not be considered as the programme of the French Ministry.

A DINNER AT COMPIEGNE.

A correspondent sends from Paris to the Liverpool *Journal* a description of private imperial life at Compiègne, from a friend at Court, who was invited to be present at a "little dinner" with the Emperor and Empress, and a "few friends."

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"The dinner (says my friend in his letter) was most superb. The spirits of the old Bourbons must have rejoiced to behold that, let what will have diminished at the French Court since their day, the eating and drinking is more abundant and *soigné* than ever; and really I could see at once the reason why the Emperor is allowed by the nation to rule the roast so entirely, for none could rule it so well as he.

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"After dinner the company adjourned to the *salon*. My arm was adjudged to Mademoiselle A., who seemed to attract much attention by her tone and dress, being a specimen of a species yet unknown among us, and imported from England, the *demoiselle à la mode*. This young lady is on the most pleasant terms with the Emperor, and in the morning I was told there had been a most amusing match between them on the terrace of the chateau—a straight walk, blindfold, from the statue of Philomenus to that of Menander—which the young lady won, the Emperor having caused great laughter by having almost walked right through the window of the council chamber, which comes upon the angle of the terrace.

A CHAT WITH THE EMPEROR.

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"The coffee taking was a very pretty sight, the different groups in various parts of the *salon* seemingly on the most easy and familiar terms. I alone being a perfect stranger to them all, stood aloof, looking on, as I thought, unobserved, when, to my great astonishment, the Emperor, leaving the mantle-piece, against which he had been leaning while taking his coffee, walked straight across the room in the direction where I stood. His Majesty walks slowly, with legs much apart, having no spring or elasticity in the hips; and I was observing this awkward gait when, to my further surprise, he approached, and called me by name, in that peculiar voice through the nose, by which each syllable is rendered clear and distinct, as from an empty vessel. 'Monsieur de Sainte M——, I have read your verses; they are very good. Go on and prosper: you are very young, and have a grand career before you.' He pulled up his mustache with the left hand, leaving the left corner sticking up, while the right was still drooping; and as I bowed, in answer to the gracious compliment, proceeded: 'We have many authors of celebrity here to-night, P. F——, for instance. Are you acquainted with him?' 'No, Sire,' I returned, sharply, for the question displeased me entirely. His Majesty saw the effect, and pulled up the right side of his mustache, and again spoke through his nose: 'We are going to have "*Le Tigre du Bengale*" to-night; what is your opinion of that piece?' 'I think it very clever, Sire, but should have thought it rather *risque* for representation here.' His Majesty raised his eyes, and looked me in the face for the first time. He smiled—a curious, grim, and meaning smile—and, through his nose, once more replied: 'I am quite of your opinion, M. de Sainte M——,' then walked back again to the mantle-piece, where he stood alone until the company adjourned to the theatre.

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A PROVERB BEFORE THE EMPRESS.

"The hours wore on in merriment, 'until the bell of the castle tolled one,' when a proverb was proposed by Madame la Comtesse W——, in the performance of which it was announced that the whole company were to join without knowing it. Some two or three ladies, and half a dozen gentlemen then rose and began to jump and dance in the most grotesque manner, laughing the while so heartily as to cause the audience to catch the mirth, and the cachinnations became general; then Madame W—— was asked for a song, and standing up, she waved her crinoline, and sang Grassot's song of 'Gnouf, gnouf!' with such inimitable humor that the whole company was convulsed with laughter, and began to look at each other in amazement to guess the proverb thus illustrated. When Madame W—— had sunk back exhausted into her chair, the Princess M—— was called upon for her contribution; and rising, she begged, in virtue of her position, to be allowed to sing a diplomatic song quite appropriate to the occasion. 'Now shall we learn the solution of the proverb!' said the company, who prepared to pay the greatest attention to the ditty. The Princess is quite young, tall, and thin, with rather a melancholy cast of countenance, therefore the astonishment was great indeed when she, too, began to jump from side to side, with one hand waving the fan above her head, with the other flapping to and fro her crinoline, and bursting forth with the following diplomatic ditty:

'Monsieur de Metternich—
Monsieur de Kopernich—
Des brequets phosphoriques—
Des alumettes chimiques—
Des anes et des bouriques
Sont allés à Zurich,' etc., etc.,

and so on for several minutes, amidst the now uproarious laughter of the company, and the announcement that the performance being over, the audience had nothing further to do than guess the proverb all this wild folly was meant to illustrate. Many attempts were made, but unsuccessful, and at last the originator of the idea was called upon to explain, and gave the solution as '*Plus il ÿ a de Fous plus or rit*,' an old English proverb, which may be said to find its French equivalent in 'the more the merrier,' without its selfish addition of 'the fewer the better cheer.'"

THE END OF CRINOLINE.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "The race of crinoline appears to be nearly run, at last, after victoriously lording it over the fashionable female world for full four years. In my walks about town I notice a general collapse in the rotundity of the Paris *élégantes*, and the only patrons of wide skirts, now, are servant-maids and provincials. The mode has gone out as it came in—at the fiat of the Imperial mistress of the Tuileries. This seems to be a hint that future additions to the Emperor's family are rather remote possibilities;—every body knowing that "amplitude" came into fashion at the identical moment when Napoleon III. was anxiously looking for the advent of Napoleon IV."

HOW NEW SILKS BECOME FASHIONABLE.

He adds:

"And I can give you an authentic anecdote—which will cause the innocent and unsuspecting fair of New York, to open their black, blue, gray, or hazel eyes. It has the merit, too, of being short, and very much to the point. A silk manufacturer at Lyons, doing a large business, had, last year, the misfortune to meet with an accident in dyeing an immense "batch" of finished silk, by which the tissue came out of the dye-house imbued with an indescribably hideous color, instead of the delicate tint expected. Appearances indicated that the manufacturer must submit to a loss in the disposal of the half-ruined goods; but, like a keen man of business, he came in person with the consignment, made a few 'little visits,' disbursed a few francs, and the trick was accomplished. In less than a month the hideous silk was trailing down the boulevards, or the Champs Elysées, complacently worn by hundreds of dames eager to be counted among the patronesses of the 'latest style.' And if you have seen, sweeping the pavements of Broadway, and courting the fixed gaze of the petrified passer-by—if you have seen a color which can be defined only as a sort of cross between illegitimate brindle and rusty yellow—that was it!"

ITALY.

A NEW PHASE OF THE MORTARA CASE.

A dispatch from Modena says that, in consideration of a demand made by the family of the boy Mortara, who had given proof that the kidnapping of the child was ordered by the Reverend Father and Inquisitor Zilette, the latter had been arrested, and legal proceedings had been instituted.

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

Telegrams dated Madrid, January 1, say: On Friday evening the Moors vigorously attacked our encampment, but were repulsed with great loss. The Spaniards displayed great bravery. Their loss, however, was not considerable. The rumor of peace having been concluded is altogether false.

Another, dated Madrid, January 2, says: After a glorious fight, the Spanish army, commanded by General Prim, defeated the Moors on the whole line, and advanced as far as Gastilligas. The hussars executed several heroic charges and captured a flag.

The Moors were 40,000 strong, and lost at least 1500.

The Spanish loss was from 400 to 600. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in the army.

Three vessels sailing under the English flag and carrying contraband of war had been brought from Ceuta to Algesiras.

JAPAN.

DEPARTURE OF THE ENVOYS TO THE UNITED STATES.

A letter dated Kanagawa, Japan, October, 11, says: "The United States frigate *Powhatan* arrived from Jeddo yesterday, having on board Commodore Tatnall. Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, returned to-day by land. It is now decided that the Japanese Government will send Commissioners to America, to start on the 22d of February next, in the *Powhatan*, which will convey them to Panama, where they will cross the Isthmus to take a government steamer to Washington direct.

"Our Minister was desirous that the Japanese should leave in February, in order that they might be in America in the best season of the year, and also be presented to members of Congress—so the Japanese would not alter the day of departure. There will be two Commissioners and seventy-two attendants of high rank in the embassy.

"Our Minister, Mr. Harris, deserves the greatest praise for the manner in which he surmounted an old established law—that Japanese should never leave the island under pain of death—and in having Japanese visit America before any other land, although great efforts have been made to have them in England first.

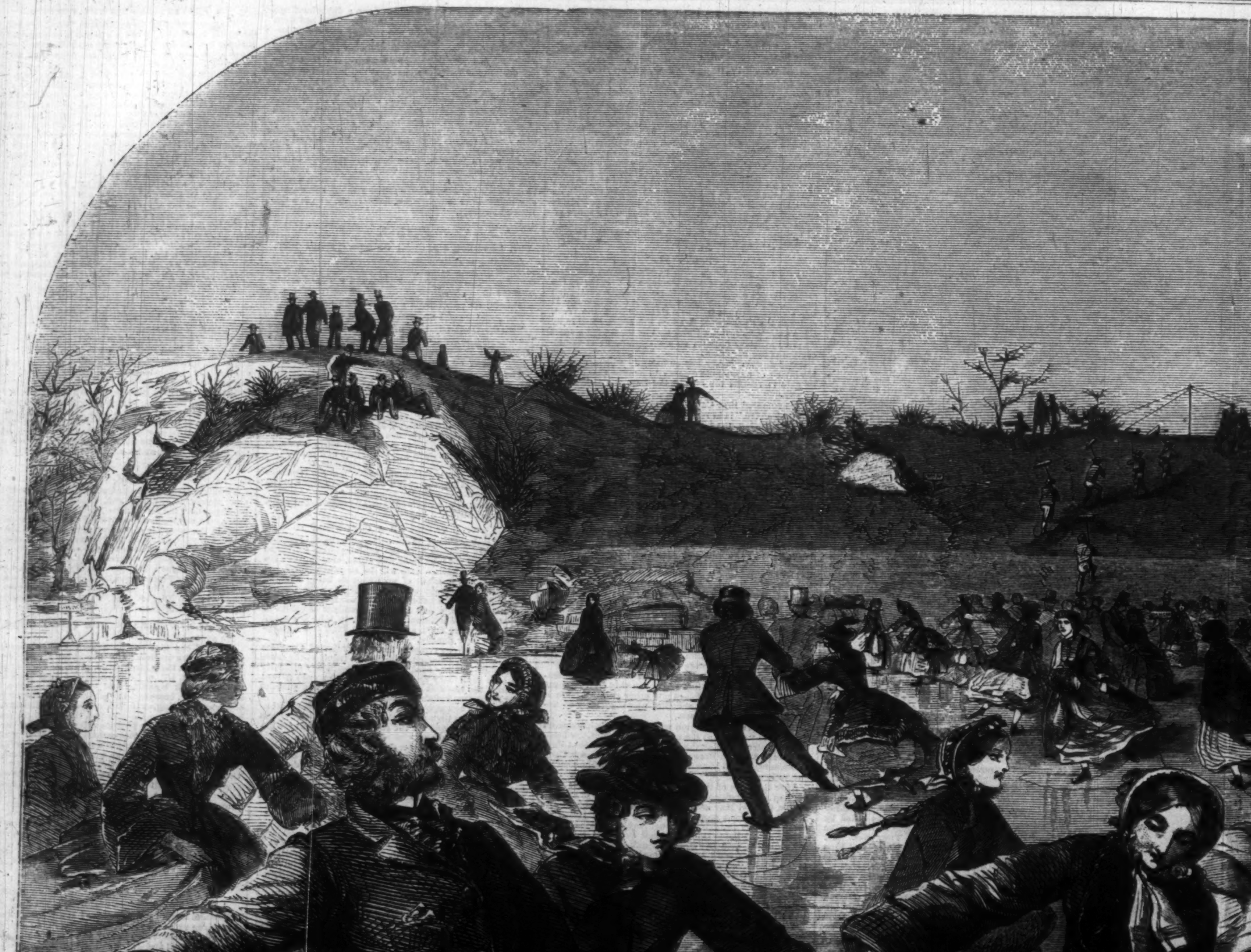
"Documents passed yesterday by which the departure of the Japanese is a fixed fact. The *Powhatan* will return to this port and remain until February, to protect Americans. Mr. Ward and the officers of the *Powhatan* speak in the highest terms of the Japanese, and are loth to leave here even temporarily.

"Part of the men of the *Fenimore Cooper* have been detailed by the Commodore to the *Powhatan*.

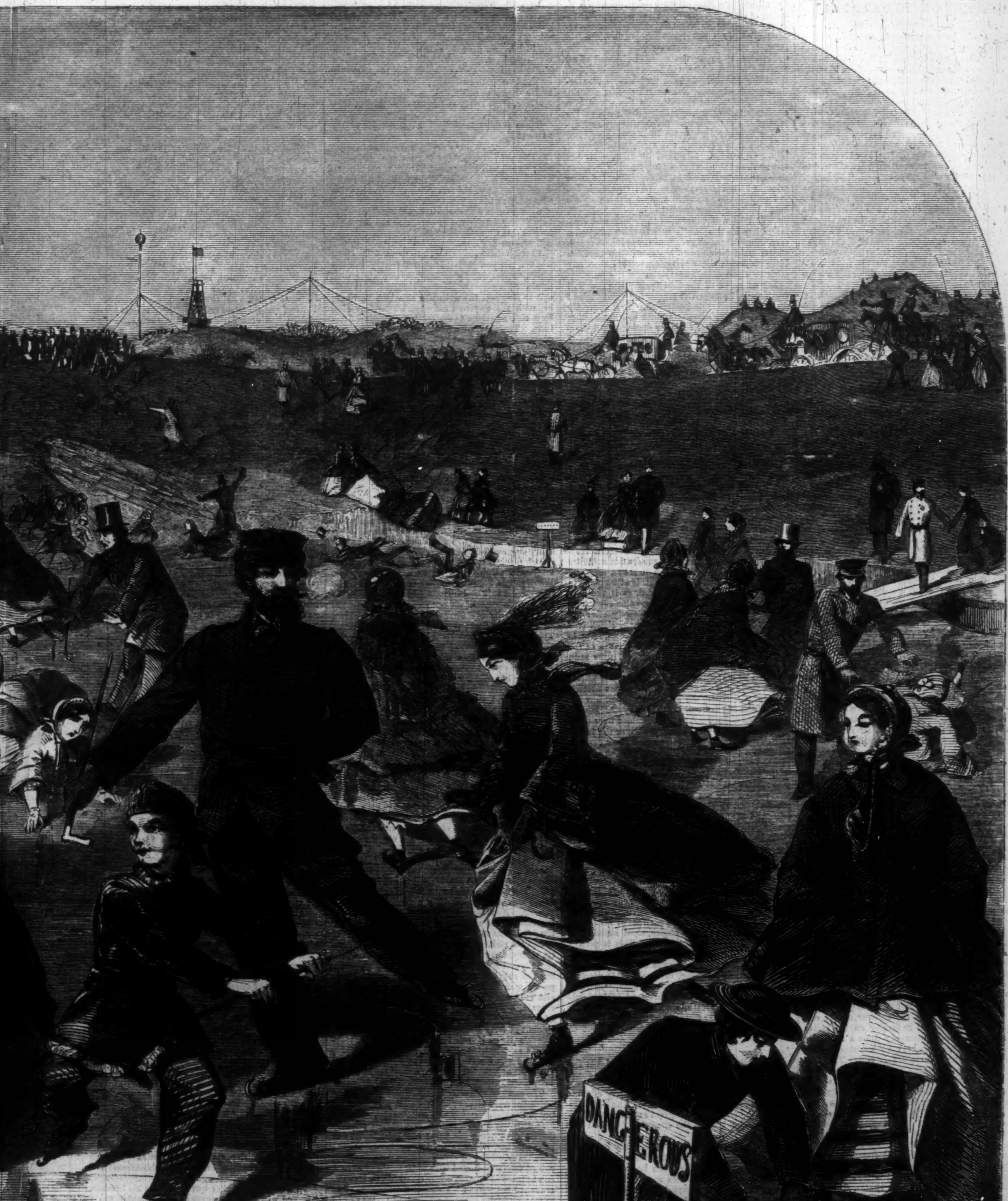
AFRICA.

NEW EXPLORATIONS OF AFRICA.

We learn, on authority which we consider perfectly reliable, that Government has decided upon providing Dr. Livingstone with a new steamer for the purpose of enabling him to carry out his exploration of the Zambesi. In addition to this pleasing evidence of the interest with which the present administration views the efforts for opening up Central Africa to the influences of civilization, Mr. Gladstone, we are informed, has appropriated a sum of £2500 to the further exploration of the great Nyanza chain of lakes. The command of this latter expedition will be intrusted to Captain Speke.



SKATING ON THE LADIES' SKATING-POND I



ND IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

SKATING ON THE CENTRAL PARK.

WE publish on the preceding pages a fine picture of skating on the Ladies' Pond at the Central Park. This agreeable exercise has become very popular since the managers of the Park have organized their arrangements for the season.

There are two, or rather several ponds, which are divided into two heads—the Ladies' Pond, and the Gentlemen's Pond. The latter is a large space, which, when the skating is good, may be seen covered with a couple of thousand people. Here every one may try his skill, and tumble about on the ice as he pleases. The Ladies' Pond is reserved for the fair sex, and no gentlemen are allowed to skate on it unless they are accompanied by ladies. It is kept in good order, and policemen on skates effectually repress all tendencies to rowdyism. Both ponds are flooded from time to time from the reservoir, and thus, however much the ice may be cut up by skaters, every morning presents a clean pleasant surface to visitors—provided the night have been cold enough for the water to freeze.

The scene when ladies are on the pond is attractive in the extreme, and usually draws a large concourse of visitors.

Shakspeare, when he puts into the mouth of Touchstone that celebrated dissertation on the different degrees of removal in a quarrel, is able, it will be remembered, to dispose of his subject under seven heads. It is not so with the degrees of tumbling. This voluminous and most important topic can be done justice to in no fewer than eight divisions. A greater degree of condensation, a more merged classification have been attempted, but the result was found to be imperfect, and the reader may depend upon the subjoined analysis as being reduced to the narrowest limits compatible with a complete examination of the subject.

There are—to deal with the matter after the Touchstone manner—eight degrees, forms, or modes of tumbling—no more, and no less. There is, first, the "Fling utter;" secondly, the "Smash complicated;" thirdly, the "Stagger victorious;" fourthly, the "Scramble ineffectual;" fifthly, the "Drop sudden;" sixthly, the "Fall facetious;" seventhly, the "Tumble truculent;" and, eighthly and lastly, the "Crash unresisted."

Let us now examine each, and go into this fearful subject a little more in detail, beginning *at* the beginning, with the Fling utter. He who having attained the highest possible degree of speed known in the annals of skating, strikes suddenly against some particle of foreign matter which has become embedded in the ice—be it a stone, a frozen twig, or what not—he who when thus checked, finds his feet cast up into the air, and presently his body in such violent contact with the ice that he slides along upon his shoulder and his ear fifteen yards before his legs have descended to the same level with the portions of his anatomy just hinted at—this man, and he alone, knows what it is to have experienced the Fling utter. It is a condition of tumbling wholly dependent upon, and inseparable from, a great degree of speed, and is intimately associated with that phenomenon known to skaters as "the outside edge." This Fling utter is a piteous accident. It is frequent and terrible, and is attended by the following symptoms: a smart tingling in the ears, a sensation as of a rush of blood to the back of the head, a vision before the eyes of numerous black tadpoles ornamented with diamond frontlets or coronets, and floating in the air, a sudden taste of base metal in the mouth, a conviction on the part of the sufferer that his neck has become shorter, that his vertebræ are jammed together, that his heart is between his teeth, that his legs are in his body, that his body is up in his head, that his stomach is collapsed, that his hands are affixed to his ankles and his feet joined on to his wrists. Let us go on to the Smash complicated.

This is an accident strangely connected with peculiar states of the nervous system. You see a man swooping down upon you; you have time to avoid him, but you can't; a hideous fascination draws you on, you meet with a dread concussion, you embrace him and cling to him, and he to you; your hat drops off, so does his; you perform together a frenzied waltz, which brings you to a slide; you are falling; remember, all this time, the sliders descend upon you, and you form the centre of an entangled mass of arms, legs, and bodies, in which no person can identify his own, till, the great crash over, the sufferer crawls out of this seething mass of humanity on his hands and knees, and very commonly finds a recess or dimple in his hat, which brings the career of that article of costume to an untimely end. This is a brief history of the Smash complicated; so called from the number of persons involved in it, and the manner in which all the victims of the accident become mixed up together in one common ruin.

We now come to the Stagger victorious, and the Scramble ineffectual. It has doubtless been the lot of most persons who have looked on at the sport of skating to have their attention drawn to the conduct of some individual engaged in that pastime, who suddenly, and for some unexplained reason, flings his head and body back, stamps seven times with the heels of his skates, whirls his arms around, casts his stick into a distant parish, plunges forward, swerves, advances several hurried paces, stamps more wildly than before, revolves, clutches at the air, bows himself double, again flings himself back, recovers himself and his balance without any actual fall, and stands perfectly still for several minutes, with his hands supporting the small of his back. This is the Stagger victorious, concerning which it may be said, in one word, that it is a mistake, and that it is better to tumble down at once than to rick the back, strain the abdomen, and dislocate the limbs generally, by the manœuvres just described. But if the Stagger victorious be a mistake, what is the Scramble ineffectual—a performance in which our acrobat goes through the whole of the above-mentioned extravagances, and tumbles down after all? This is the most disappointing and the most humiliating of all modes of falling: the unhappy victim of the Scramble ineffectual having secured the attention of every body present by the prolonged struggle which precedes his ruin.

Perhaps, however, the most undignified of all tumbles is that which has been characterized as the Drop sudden. It is a very simple transaction, commonly unattended with serious results, and consists, to put the affair in two words, of a sudden (and involuntary) sitting down act on the part of the sufferer, who drops, without any apparent cause, upon the ice in a sitting posture, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him. It has been remarked by great observers and profound thinkers that the patient in this case will ordinarily remain in this position for some minutes before attempting to rise; that he is apt to look about him; and that, after picking up his hat, which the Drop sudden invariably jerks off, he will take a handkerchief therefrom, and carefully blow his nose while still in the sitting posture. From these observations the profound thinkers aforesaid have drawn the conclusion that the Drop sudden is a less alarming seizure than any other to which skaters are liable.

Let us speak of the Fall facetious. The Fall facetious is, in its earlier stages, intimately mixed up with the Scramble ineffectual. It is generally preceded by the same resistance and staggering, and even the fall itself has no distinguished character of its own. It is in this case a question of the tumbler and not of the tumble. He who treats his fall in the facetious manner will (with anguish in every limb) get up with a smiling countenance, joining the laugh against himself, and even sometimes muttering, in a gay manner, disparaging remarks about his own clumsiness, or faintly humming a lively air. Let no person be taken in by this. Instances have been known in which sufferers by the Fall facetious have skated for three minutes and a half after their accident just as if nothing had happened, have then cast a hurried look around the swift circle in which they have been performing, and, coming to the conclusion that nobody was looking, have limped off to some secret island, and have been found there, hours afterward, sitting among the water-fowl, and groaning with anguish.

The Fall facetious, though a less candid, is a more amiable view of our subject than that exhibited in the Tumble truculent. The Tumbler truculent is a man of a somewhat savage but a sincere and open character, who, when he is in a rage and in considerable bodily discomfort, is at no pains to conceal the fact. It is his habit, as is the case with most dangerous characters, to dine early, and he has come out to skate immediately after his meal. Under these circumstances the shock of a severe fall is no doubt any thing but conducive to digestion; yet is this no efficient defense of the fury with which the Tumbler truculent turns upon the small boy upon the bank and asks him "What the devil he is laughing at?" It must not be forgotten that (at least as far as the present writer's knowledge extends) the Tumble truculent has not arisen from any fault on the skater's part. He has either been tripped up, or has stumbled over some defect in the ice; and the tripper-up, or the ice itself, as the case may be, will at such times come in for certain remarks which are the reverse of complimentary. It is a fatal error to display emotion on the ice; and a man will meet with no sympathy who resents his fall as a deadly injury.

We have now got in our examination of this great subject to the eighth and last division of falls, and the Crash unresisted remains alone for consideration. Perhaps, of all the orders of tumbling, there is none so opposed to this last upon the list as the Scramble ineffectual. Just as the skater in that instance declined to accept his doom, so in the case of the Crash unresisted, he takes the accident as it comes, makes no resistance, and only devotes the half instant between the flying of his legs into the air and the descent of his body upon the ice to a rapid act of self-preservation, in so ordering his fall that the fleshiest portions of his frame, and not the more bony angles, shall sustain the full force of the impending crash. This is perfect wisdom; and, in carrying it out, he will find the advice of Sancho Panza, on the best means of enduring a blanket-tossing, of incalculable service. "If such mishaps do come," he says, "there is nothing to be done but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one."

THE POLICY ON THE "MARY HASTINGS."

IT was certainly a most extraordinary circumstance—though of course being so, *I* had little to do with it—and it made a great sensation at Bristol. I was a girl at the time, and just had my ears pierced.

I remember, as well as if it had only happened yesterday, my papa returning home one evening with the news that "Hepburn Lodge" was let at last. This Hepburn Lodge was quite a joke with us: it had been unoccupied for an age, and was in a sadly dilapidated state.

We were naturally very anxious to learn all we could about the adventurous tenant of this dismal mansion. We young girls were nearly crazy with curiosity.

My dear papa was the first to bring us consolation. He had heard it from a friend, who was told by a lawyer, who knew the surveyor of the repairs, that Doughty was the name of our myth. "If what they tell me is true," added our papa, "he is the son of old Doughty, the Colonial Broker, and worth fifty thousand at least. Now, girls, put your best looks on and dress to the nines, for he will want a wife, they say, and he might pass this way looking for one." My papa was a very witty man, and though a church-warden, excessively merry.

This Mr. Doughty became the king of Stonyford and Fiddleton. I was much shocked and pained at witnessing the almost rude manner in which the young ladies of those towns openly pursued him. So were my dear sisters—all fine girls—greatly hurt.

For it was soon noised about that Mr. Doughty inclined toward matrimony. He made no secret of his desire to settle. The flocks of Stonyford maidens, from thirty to fifteen, were shaken with trembling hope.

There resided in Bristol a gentleman of the name of Fairlop, a ship-broker, or an underwriter, or something. At any rate, he was engaged among the shipping, and insured cargoes against loss at sea; so *you* will know what he was. He kept up a good establishment, had a carriage, and an only daughter—Clara, if I remember rightly. At this ship-broker's house Mr. Doughty was in the habit of dining twice a week. He was there discovered, by a young lady friend of ours, making desperate love to this Clara—a mere chit, I can assure you, and dressed to death.

This deceitful conduct will be better understood when I tell you that this man Doughty had, by his debauchery and gambling, thrown away two-thirds of his princely income; and finding it difficult to renounce the grandeur in which he lived, he, with the serpent's cunning, was endeavoring by a rich marriage to restore his squandered fortune. There's a villain for you! He had learned, somehow, that Clara Fairlop had five thousand pounds; and the ship-broker had been heard publicly to state that he would double the sum on her marriage-day, and leave her every penny he saved. These pennies amounted to about twenty thousand sovereigns, and every day he lived he was still adding to his gains.

We were always told from the first that Clara Fairlop was not consulted in this proposed alliance. Her pa and ma calmly desired her to love Mr. Doughty; and she, like a good girl, answered, "she would try." To help on her lame affection she was driven over to Hepburn Lodge, shown its desirable apartments and handsome grounds, and told that if she liked she could be mistress of the domain. It was a tempting offer. The idea of sitting before your own tea-things in that handsome drawing-room was enough to turn a wiser head than Miss Fairlop's. She determined to become Mrs. Doughty. He was permitted to call every day and take her out walking. He bought jewelry for her, and she wore it. He had his miniature painted and set as a brooch for her. When people began to wonder and talk, the Fairlops gave a ball, and introduced the future son-in-law to their guests.

We soon discovered that Clara actually had two strings to her bow; for there was a Mr. Orlando Tidd, who, until Mr. Doughty made his appearance, had been a great favorite. Now this unhappy young Tidd was cast aside and discarded. Wretched youth! So pained was my sympathetic Tilda for his wretched lot that she remarked, "If he had any courage in him, he would call out his deceitful rival, and at least disfigure him for life." And who was this Orlando Tidd, do you think? Why, Mr. Fairlop's managing clerk, and once his pupil. Our lady friend gave him an excellent character. He had paid a heavy premium to be trifled with in that manner. He was very modest, nervous, and industrious. He was not poor, for his father left him three thousand pounds.

While Doughty was love-making, a circumstance happened which turned the tables in a manner highly gratifying to many poor girls. The ship *Mary Hastings* (A 1), homeward bound from India, with a rich cargo, was—calculating by her speed on former voyages—two months behind her time. She had not been spoken with, neither had she put into any port. The only conclusion people could come to was, that she had gone down in the middle of the sea, and all hands had perished. The owners were in great trepidation, for the cargo was worth more than a hundred thousand pounds. As a last expedient, they tried to effect insurances, and so cover some of their loss. Yet, the affair was so hazardous, no underwriter would accept the risk. They offered a premium of twenty, thirty, forty per cent., but in vain. It was a rich harvest for a highly speculative man, providing the ship did return. Mr. Fairlop was a desperate man at a venture. Forty per cent.! He and Tidd made inquiries as to the character of the captain, examined the ship's papers at the owner's offices, and at last accepted insurances to the amount of forty thousand pounds, to be paid in a month's time, if necessary. The Bristol merchants said Fairlop was mad, and Orlando Tidd, who had put his three thousand pounds into the venture, a fool. These were the very words. They were vulgar, but to the point.

The news of this silly speculation was carefully concealed from Mrs. Fairlop; but it was not long before Charles Doughty was enlightened. He had four warning letters, from four different friends, delivered by the same post; and read them, one after another, while he tried to eat his breakfast. Like many others, he considered his papa-in-law a ruined man; he fumed with rage, knocked over a cup of tea, and spasmodically clutching at his egg, crunched it between his strong fingers. Was *he* to marry the daughter of a bankrupt? Was *he* to have mamma-in-law writing begging-letters for five-pound notes to keep papa-in-law alive until he could obtain some post as clerk? Those were not *his* views at all. He must, somehow or other, send the Fairlops to the rightabout. But how? What was he to do? That you shall know presently.

This point brings me to the mention of a nephew of mine, Fred by name, who allowed himself to be guilty of a very mean action—led on by others, I know—but still nothing could, or shall, excuse his conduct.

One night, about twelve o'clock, Freddy and some uproarious young men, friends of his, greatly excited by hot glasses of spirits and water, were sauntering about, when they caught sight of a tall individual, wrapped up in a heavy cloak, hurrying along the street at a pace which looked like either escaping from justice or fetching a doctor. "To watch him and see what he is up to," came the proposition to hunt him; or, in other words, rush after the man. They were undecided what to make of him, when they saw the form stop opposite the post-office, and stoop down to examine the opening to the letter-box. He looked about him, this side and that, up the street and down the street. He saw the wild herd of clerks trotting toward him; and hastily pushing his letter into the opening, darted off just as the howling began to alarm the street. They would have passed the post-office in their mad chase, if Freddy had not noticed something white lying on the pavement. It was the letter. The mysterious stranger, in his alarm, had missed the slit in the shutters, and dropped the note. It was picked up and examined. In justice, it must be said, their first impulse was to slip it back into the box; but while trying to read the address by the gas-lamp, it was discovered the envelope was open. Yes, it was open, and to peep into it seemed no more than looking in at an open door. It was handed round—every one read the address, "Martin Fairlop, Esq.," and suggested, as the writing was very good and distinct, that it was either a bill or a lawyer's threat. All these young men knew Mr. Fairlop, and the great talk the *Mary Hastings* speculation had occasioned sharpened their curiosity to an edge which was dangerous for such young hands. To shorten my story, it was at last agreed that the contents of this letter should be made public, vows of secrecy being first enforced. Freddy, naughty boy that he was, read as follows:

> "SIR,—The interest I take in your welfare, and that of your family, forces me to a step which the world considers unjustifiable, but which I hope will, by its good results, if not by its honest intentions, obtain your pardon. We all know that in a few days your daughter is to be united to Mr. Charles Doughty. Be warned in time. At any sacrifice save your child from assured misery. A gambler and a libertine is not worthy of a place in your family. You, perhaps, look upon him as a reformed and excellent man. Place no faith in his deceit. But yesterday I heard him boast to his dissolute companions that after his marriage he would soon return to his debaucheries, and lead a life which I am sure is quite contrary either to the hopes of your daughter, or the wishes of yourself."

"There's no signature!" cried Fred. "It's an anonymous letter. Here's a go! What a blackguard! eh?"

It would seem that Mr. Orlando Tidd was no favorite among these reckless lads. He did not admire the practice of getting tipsy; his upright conduct and tastes caused him to be considered a molly-coddling fellow. They did not dare to say as much to him, owing to his high position as Mr. Fairlop's managing clerk. But an opportunity for "paying him out" could not be missed. What a capital joke it would be to sign "Orlando Tidd" at the end of this anonymous letter! What a scolding he would get! It was known that he loved Miss Clara, and Fairlop would be sure to believe his clerk wrote the letter. He might deny it in vain. Perhaps Doughty would cane him. Capital! It is such good fun to see any body caned! Excellent! So an imitation of this poor gentleman's signature was appended to the anonymous warning, and this time the person who posted it, not being in a hurry, plased the letter very carefully into the box.

Can you guess at the writer of this disgusting anonymous epistle?

Mr. Fairlop was in quite trouble enough without Mr. Doughty's interference. The end of the month was drawing unpleasantly near, and yet no *Mary Hastings* (A 1) made her appearance. He, like every body else, began to look upon himself as a ruined man, and to reckon how many pence should he have left after he had paid the forty thousand pounds insurance money. His only hope was that his rich son-in-law might step forward and help him. Unfortunate creature! When at his office he would call Orlando Tidd into his private room, and, though each felt and looked as care-worn and solemn as fire-work makers, both certain of ruin, they would try to prop up each other's courage with such phrases as "I don't despair even now, Tidd!" or "Four days may alter matters, Mr. Fairlop!" The unfortunate Orlando was too heavy with grief to gain much support from such thin expectations, and Fairlop was giddy with alarm.

On the night of the adventure with the letter Mr. Fairlop, though he drank more than a bottle of port, scarcely closed his eyes; and when he rose in the morning he was so shaken that he dare not, for his life, shave himself. As he crept down to the breakfast-room, he thought, as he trod on the thick stair-carpets, of the day when they would be hanging out of window with the auction bill fastened on them. As he looked round his well-furnished rooms, he wondered what his inlaid table or that gilt clock would fetch under the hammer. A few hours would decide all. Poor unsuspecting Miss Clara was happy enough—wretched girl, practicing her piano overhead. "Whatever happens," thought Mr. Fairlop, "she will be the happy wife of an honorable man, and tenderly shielded from the effects of my ruin."

While the ship-broker was looking at his breakfast, and wishing it was over and taken away, Mr. Orlando Tidd entered the room. He gave such a sigh as he stood at the door that Mr. Fairlop thought it useless to ask if he had any good news. "No, thank you, he wouldn't have any coffee!" he would only take a chair, and a very small piece of that, for he sat on one corner, and looked unsteady. Every now and then he stole a glance at the beloved maiden behind the urn, and wished Mr. Doughty had never been born. He knew he loved her more than any other man possibly could; he was sure that if, in time, she could accustom herself to his weak eyes and long thin legs, she would become sensible of his enormous affection, and return it with gratitude. She had laughed at him, and called him names, but nothing could drive him away. She had even made him post letters to Mr. Doughty, and consulted him about the future arrangements at Hepburn Lodge; and yet if ever he had a chance of meeting her, or doing her a kind action, he never missed it. He remembered the night of the ball, when, feeling very courageous after supper, he had stammered out a kind of proposal, and she had told him "her pa" would be so angry if he heard of it, and be sure to turn him away from the office. He had recovered, now, from that cruel, unsentimental, and innocent speech. A few months more of his quiet, enduring courtship might have melted the silly girl. She was growing tired of being cruel to such a submissive victim. He took her unkindness with such resignation and humility. Many times the idea crossed her that Orlando would make a much better husband than this Doughty; but papa and mamma were on the side of the Hepburn Lodge marriage, and the clerk was outbalanced.

A servant entering with a letter for Mr. Fairlop, need I add, *the* letter—which the reader has already read?—Mr. Tidd left.

Mr. Doughty was to have breakfasted with his beloved that morning, and Clara was vexed at his breaking his appointment. She was excessively arbitrary in her ideas, and ruled very strictly during her short reign of courtship. She did not grumble aloud, but the way she finiked with a few bread crumbs, proved she was in a pet. "I have a great mind not to love him," she thought. To be truthful, she never had.

When Mr. Fairlop had read a few lines of his letter, he gave a short sneering laugh. He was annoyed at the idea of any body daring to interfere in his family affairs. "Who the deuce has sent this?" he asked himself, as he turned the page in search of the signature. He did not tell his daughter who the writer was; but she saw his arm fall down, his eyes light up, and his mouth open, as if he was going to sneeze. "Clara," he said, pushing the letter toward his child, "this concerns you quite as much as it does me." The moment he began to talk, his tongue ran away with him. "And I have had such faith in that man Tidd. I, who brought him up from a child, etc., etc." He would have been wiser as to his daughter's feelings had he watched her instead of chattering. Her eyes grew bright as she read; true, it might have been from indignation. Her hand shook at first, perhaps with rage. There was a determined tight expression—half smile, half sneer—about her little mouth, as if she could shake this Tidd, or that Doughty. She put down the letter after reading it, and stared vacantly; her eyes looking right through her father, apparently focused on some object about fifty yards on the other side of the wall. "Did you ever read such an infamous, cowardly attack?" asked papa. Miss did not reply for a second, and then said, "I do not consider it cowardly, because he signed it; but, for Mr. Doughty's sake, I hope it is infamous."

"Hope!" cried Fairlop, who was half mad at the bare thought of any one attempting to break off this marriage. "Hope! why, hasn't the fellow the impudence to admire you? Hasn't he the assumption to consider Mr. Doughty his rival? Hasn't he . . . . .?" His speech was abruptly terminated by the footman announcing Mr. Charles Doughty. "Ask him in, directly; he shall see this letter, Clara!"

"Oh! papa! papa! Pray do not. Suppose they should fight?"

The entrance of Mr. Doughty prevented any reply to this suggestion. Mr. Fairlop looked very vicious and pugnacious. The wretch Doughty, whose connection with the anonymous letter the shrewd reader has already guessed, knew in a second the cause of this domestic disturbance. "Got the letter," he thought to himself.

He had purposely dressed himself to act up to and confirm his anonymous warnings. His chin was black with a two-day's beard; his face had been smudged, but not washed; the shoulders of his coat were drab with dust, and his shirt collar drooped like a frost-bitten leaf. Altogether he gave Fairlop the idea that he had not been to bed, and was still half-tipsy. He seated himself and began to yawn. A very perceptible smell of stale cigar smoke encircled the dirty man. The familiar nod he gave Miss Clara so enraged her that she left the room, and was presently heard overhead consoling herself at the piano.

As Doughty did nothing but yawn, and hold up before his mouth fingers decidedly not rose-tipped, Fairlop began the conversation with "Did you ever, Charles, receive an anonymous letter?" Mr. Charles thought, "They've got mine," and was obliged to hide a smile of delight in a yawn. "No, Sir," he replied, "never! and if ever I do, I shall quietly burn it, however excellent the warnings it contains. It is a method of attack I despise, and against which nobody can keep guard."

"If you will promise me to be calm," said the broker, rising, "I'll tell you something that will startle you." Unfolding the letter, he added, "This is not an anonymous letter; it is signed; but it does not the less merit a caning."

The sudden animation that shot into the rogue's face, the astonished look, the jerking up of the head and opening of the hands, made a wrong impression upon Mr. Fairlop. He ascribed this emotion to indignation, whereas this Charles was muttering to himself, "Signed! signed! I never could have been such a fool." He took the letter, examined it, and answered, with extraordinary imprudence, "No; I can not say I know the handwriting." Then he ran his eye over it, as if he had never seen it before. He was a man of consummate effrontery. When he reached the end of the page, he looked up and said, as if half to himself, "Who could have written this? It is evidently some one who knows me well, or he couldn't betray me." This speech was intended to startle Mr. Fairlop, and it was successful. The father-in-law was going to say something in a great hurry, but son-in-law stopped him by asking, "Give me the name of this villain—what I do in my own house concerns no man but myself! Give me his name!" Do you see how cunningly he kept on admitting the truth of the letter. Do you think any father would confide his child to such a man? He acted his part so well, Mr. Fairlop really felt grateful to Mr. Tidd for warning him in time, and made up his mind to forbid the marriage. He could hardly speak civilly as he said, "if you will turn the page over, the signature is on the other leaf."

"Orlando Tidd!" muttered the startled Mr. Charles, and for several minutes he sat perfectly quiet, wondering how on earth the signature got there. "Have I ever seen this Orlando Tidd?" he asked. "'Pon my word I don't know the fellow!"

He waited for a reply; but Mr. Fairlop was deeply engaged looking out of window, watching a man who, hat in hand, was tearing up the street with the speed of a hunted cat. This man was as dangerous as a run-away horse. A porter quietly lighting his pipe was knocked over as he took his first whiff, and a ladies' school was sent flying into the road like so many chickens. "Good heavens!" cried Fairlop, catching sight of the runner's hot face; "here comes Tidd! Can any thing have happened?" He rushed from the room, and was fortunate enough to open the street-door in time to prevent his clerk from dashing his brains out against the knocker. The prospect of good news made Mr. Fairlop forget all about the warning letter.

Before the clerk could get breath enough he was trying to speak, and the master doing his utmost to understand him. Nobody else but a man in fear of ruin would have been able to translate the various pants and stutters into these words: "*Mary Hastings*—seen off the Lizards—late last evening!"

The disgraceful wretch in the parlor was listening intently. He heard Mr. Fairlop, in a half-sobbing voice, cry out that he "was saved," and Orlando Tidd congratulated him on the fortune the speculation had brought. "God bless you, boy," the broker had answered, "we are both of us richer by a few hundreds, but we almost went too near the fire."

The return of the *Mary Hastings* brought back Mr. Doughty's love for Miss Clara. He now determined to try his utmost to bully and rave, and not allow the girl to slip through his fingers if he could help it. As soon as Mr. Fairlop and his clerk entered the room, he slipped boldly up to Orlando, and, thrusting the letter close to his face, asked savagely if he knew "that handwriting." The clerk—without reading the contents—examined the caligraphy, admitted it was a very fine, bold hand, but replied he could not recognize it.

Turning the page over, Mr. Doughty pointed to the signature, and shouted, "Will that help you—perhaps you can tell me who wrote *that?*" If to start, and blush deep crimson, is a sign of guilt, then Mr. Orlando must have appeared highly criminal; but his reply was, "It is my name, but, on my honor, not my writing." All the broker could say was, "It certainly is a most singular circumstance," but his head was full of the *Mary Hastings*, and the £14,000 he had won.

"So, Sir!" roared Mr. Doughty, crossing his arms, "You dare lie to my face, do you? You stab in the dark, and plead innocence in the daylight. You slandering rogue, I shall horsewhip you."

We are not apt to look upon young men with thin legs and weak eyes as being noted for bravery; but our rogue, for once, made a mistake. With great dignity Mr. Orlando pulled out his card-case. He was a meek gentleman; but to be so grossly insulted by his rival was beyond his endurance.

It has been calculated that the news of the safe return of the *Mary Hastings*, A 1, spread over Bristol in four minutes and a half. The extraordinary good luck of Mr. Fairlop's desperate venture was the talk of every office. My nephew, Freddy, who knew the Fairlops well, the moment he heard the tidings, clapped on his hat, and, thinking to be the first to congratulate the broker, darted off at a speed which nothing but Mr. Orlando's long legs could have matched. He managed to worm his way into the parlor just as the discussion about the duel was at its height. The moment he saw Mr. Doughty he recognized the man in the long cloak who dropped the letter. On the sofa sat poor Clara, crying; and Freddy, while trying to comfort her (he was a very tender-hearted boy), learned all the particulars of the quarrel, and how Mr. Tidd was going to fight a duel about a letter he protested he had never written.

There was but one honorable course for Freddy to take; and, to his credit, he did take it. The letter was lying on the carpet. He took it up, examined it, knew it directly, and, springing among the disputants, told his story. "And I'll take my oath," shouted Freddy, bless him, "that he" (pointing to Doughty) "is the man who dropped the letter. I'd swear to him if he was to dye his face black, and so could four other fellows I know." All the low wretch could stammer out was that he should not stop in the house to be insulted, and banging the door to after him, he marched himself off.

Little Miss Clara married Mr. Orlando Tidd, and Mr. Fairlop gave Freddy a present of five guineas.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THERE are in every generation some presumptuous men eager to expound the inscrutable, and to read for us through their narrow spectacles all that has been foreordained by the Divine Wisdom. Their choice amusement is the making an End of the World. They can not foretell whether their mutton will be burned at the next dinner-time, but when the world will be burned up they tell us that they do know to a year, and sometimes almost to an hour. They wish to tell us the date of its end as distinctly as the sage, quoted by Chevreau in his History of the World, had calculated the beginning of it to have been Friday, the 6th of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a period which he states in his French idiom to have been "four hours after dinner." Some say that the ending of the world will, and some say that it will not, bring about the conversion of the Jews. The belief in the end of the world is not Jewish and Christian only. A doctrine of the final tumbling together of all things into chaos was held by the old heathen philosophers and poets, taught by Empedocles and Heraclitus, sung by Lucretius and Lucan. Seneca wrote in a book of consolation, "When the time comes, and the world, seeking renewal, is destroyed, things will, by their own powers, wound each other, the stars will strike together, and when all matter is smoking with one fire, every thing that now shines in its order will be burned up."

Many later writers have informed us of the manner of the world's destruction. It is to be taken to pieces, some have taught, in the order in which, as a mechanism, it was put together; the last things added being first removed. But when the question of destroying all the stars arises, then vain man, masquerading as a prophet, has to discuss, and does boldly discuss, the probability of all the worlds that fill the heavens being inhabited like ours, and the chance their inhabitants—if they have any—may run of being destroyed with us for our sins.

Then, again, sections of speculators have decided for themselves whether the world is to be destroyed by natural agencies—as by fire from its centre, or the stroke of a comet—or by means wholly miraculous. The time to be occupied by the destruction has been also variously settled. Some know that it is a day; others have been equally sure that as there were six days of creation, so there will be also a gradual process of destruction. Some have taught that, while all things upon earth were slowly decomposing into their elements, the signs foretold by the prophets would be happening. We are assured now that the signs are happening, and we are often told that men are not so large as they once were.

It was an old Jewish doctrine that the world would last six thousand years: two thousand before the Law, two thousand under the Law, and two thousand under the Gospel. In the Christian Church there has been question whether the heavens and earth were to pass wholly away, or whether only all their evil was to be destroyed out of them, and they were to be renewed.

In our own day, fashionable expounders of the secrets of the Most High dwell especially upon the thousand years that are to come before the end.

There was a time when the duration of the world was thought to be bound up with that of the Roman Empire. Then every comet, every earthquake, was a terror. Hesychius, Bishop of Salone, wrote, in the fourth century, to Saint Augustine, asking him whether it was true that the end of the world was near. Saint Augustine replied that a few years of respite would most probably be granted. From year to year the date was put back till the ninth century, when there was a special expectation and dread, lasting till the year one thousand, which had been definitely fixed as the term of the world's existence. During that century many grants of estates were made to the churches and monasteries, under the formula, "Termino mundi appropinquante"—"Whereas the end of the world is approaching." When the thousandth year had passed without any catastrophe there was a new reason why gifts should be made to the clergy. A new lease was granted to mankind, and the fine payable was a renewal and redecoration of the episcopal churches, monasteries, and chapels, which took place all over Europe. The illustrious Manuel Comnenus, in the reign of the Emperor Basil the Second, was incessantly tormented by men who would predict the very hour and moment of the end of all. This Emperor, who wore monastic dress under his armor, whom his people cursed and his Church blessed, had caves prepared, in which he might take refuge, and his courtiers and flatterers were busy as ants about him, making galleries under the earth against the time of need.

In the year eleven hundred and seventy-nine the Eastern astrologers sent letters all over the world, announcing positively that in the middle of September, seven years after date, the end of all things would be brought about by storms of wind. Terrified men were surprised when the time came by gentle zephyrs and the mildest autumn weather.

In the year fifteen hundred and twenty-four there was great terror because John Stoffler, a German astrologer, had predicted universal deluge for the month of February. There were many great conjunctions in the constellation of the Fishes, which indicated terrible mutation by flood in all lands and among all creatures. Men in France, England, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere, fled from the low grounds, and lived upon the hills. A Professor of Divinity at Alcala wrote a book, blaming the great cost incurred in removals, and suggesting cheap ways of escape. A doctor of Toulouse built himself a boat raised on four pillars. Nevertheless, this February, in which all Europe was prepared to battle with the floods, turned out to be "extremely clear and fine." In Hall's contemporary chronicle we read that, in this year, because of the signs, "many persons victualled themselves and went to high grounds for fear of drowning, and specially one Bolton, who was prior of St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield" (but the story, true as to many, was a mistake as to Bolton), "builded him a house upon Harrow-of-the-Hill, only for fear of this flood, and thither he went, and made provision for all things necessary within him for the space of two months; but the faithful people put their trust and confidence only in God. And this rain was, by the writers, prognosticated to be in February, wherefore, when it began to rain in February, the people were much afraid, and said, 'Now it beginneth!' but many wise men which thought that the world could not be drowned again, contrary to God's promise, put their trust in Him only, but because they thought that some great rains might fall, by inclinations of the stars, and that water-mills might stand still and not grind, they provided for meal, and yet, God be thanked, there was not a fairer season in many years. And, at the last, the astronomers, for their excuse, sayd that in their computacion they had mistaken and miscounted in their nomber an hundreth yeres."

In 1586 the Sieur Andreas announced that in two years the world would come to an end, and that *immediately afterward* all the powers would fall under the dominion of the Turks.

A famous book in the history of Physical Science, "Whiston's Theory of the Earth," professed, on its title-page, to make "the Deluge and the General Conflagration perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy." This reverend gentleman was—in accordance with the scanty knowledge of more than a century and a half ago—the philosophical beginner of the vulgar dread awakened still whenever a comet moves in the direction of this earth.

One day the Duchess of Bolton pretending to come to court in a great fright, explained that she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her that the world was to be burned up in three years; and that, for her part, she was determined to go to China. Certainly that was a place quite out of the world. Horace Walpole's reflection upon the matter was: "For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am but a passenger."

In our day, End of the World cries are to be heard in plenty. We are still also taught by ingenious gentlemen, able in their own conceits to tell us who is the Beast. Greek letters represent numbers. The number of the Beast is six hundred and sixty-six. Any man's name being written in Greek letters, the numbers represented by the letters are cast up, and if their sum prove to be six hundred and sixty-six, or whatever other number that number may be interpreted to mean, the man is proved to be the Beast. Upon this principle many a Pope has been denounced, and so has Martin Luther, his name being spelled Lauter for this occasion only. Once upon a time Napoleon Bonaparte was detected as the Beast, and the last of this series of discoveries, not many months old, occurs in a large book entitled Therion, more than six hundred pages long; if the number of pages had but been six hundred and sixty-six, the book itself might have come under serious suspicion.

We are ashamed that there is need to call attention to the emptiness of all these false pretensions to a kind of knowledge that no man possesses. Another writer of a large book, lately issued from the press, seeing the Scarlet Woman in the Papacy, interprets for us the history of what is yet to come. Rome is yet to place her foot upon the necks of kings before she is swallowed up in the abyss.

A contemporary French wiseacre interprets Scripture for us into the cry of an approaching "End of the World through Science." The pile of science cracks under its own weight, and is about to fall in utter ruin on our heads. It is no misstatement to say that this gentleman, M. Eugène Huzar, conceives that the last conflagration of London may arise out of one man's having set the Thames on fire. "See," he says, "round our globe, that immense ocean, with its phosphorous fires, with its oily and fat beds, with its elements so combustible that the volcanoes catch fire at it incessantly, and never go out for want of fuel till the sea shall have deserted them. See, on the other hand, this chemical product burning in the water, true Greek fire, which will lay open the road to a hundred other discoveries still more incendiary. And understand how, some day or other, conflagration may be kindled in the world." Fire set to the Thames or Seine in one of the two great capitals of science, by an unforeseen chemical accident, will spread over the Channel, raise the North Sea and the Atlantic into one great blaze, and the more water the more fire. The Pacific will blaze up, the rivers will run flame, and every thing living will be roasted to a cinder.

Wherein are these our contemporary speculations better than that of the Judas who fixed Antichrist for the tenth year of the reign of Severus, or that of Dionysius of Alexandria, who promised him in the days of Valerian, or those who promised that the end of the world should begin when Lady Day fell upon Easter-eve. An old French wiseacre, M. Jurien, taught that "Antichristianism was born about the year four hundred and fifty; it shall die about the year seventeen hundred and ten. This may happen sooner, but I do not see that it can go much farther, unless it be to seventeen fourteen." And he fixed the beginning of the Millennium for the year seventeen eighty-five, as impudently as another wiseacre now fixes it for eighteen sixty-seven. Richard Brothers, a presumptuous oracle in the same school at the end of the last century, taught that "the very loud and unusual kind of thunder heard in January, seventeen ninety-one, was the voice of the angel mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of Revelations," and fixed the 15th of August, 'ninety-three, for the destruction of London. "Write, write; the spirit says write," prophesied an old Suffolk woman ninety-four years ago; "the High Priest, the High Priest shall never have another Christmas dinner!"

The last, and at this particular moment most notorious, of these would-be prophets, is a doctor, to whom we have already referred, who talks big words empty of wit, and streams incessantly the mouthiest of books from all his fingers' ends. He points to the wars and the police reports; tells us, in his own inflated way, that "there is at present an area accumulation and intensity of morbific agencies in the air which no previous year has witnessed"—did he never hear of the plagues of the Middle Ages?—observes a general "dereliction of moral obligations," and fills for us a windbag of coming tribulation. "I hope," he says, "soon to publish a photographic sketch of the Millennial state, as a companion to this volume." The next step in audacity will, perhaps, be an advertisement of Heaven in the Stereoscope.

THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.

WE give herewith an accurate portrait of the late Lord Macaulay, from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, of London. It was taken only a year or two since, and is probably the most recent picture in existence.

Lord Macaulay was fifty-nine at the time of his death, having been born in the first year of the century, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England. He should have been by fair rights a Scotchman, "if a' bowls had rowed right," as a zealous nationalist of that appropriating race expressed it, while tracing back the family history of the historian to his grandfather, a parish clergyman of marked ability, minister of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire—a locality which once made a very handsome contribution to the gayety and spirit of the world, in the good gift of the infant Tobias Smollett.

We have seen it stated that the English settlement of the family originated in one of the sons becoming tutor to a young gentleman of wealth in that country—a Mr. Babington. The tutor married his pupil's sister, and thus Thomas Babington Macaulay was born an Englishman. His Scottish origin, and his representation of Edinburgh in Parliament, has often led the world to think of him as a Scotchman; though some of his historical notices of the people of that nation, combated zealously by Scottish writers, may have disabused the public mind of the impression.

The future historian, Thomas Babington, the eldest son, was educated at home, and prepared for the University under a private tutor and the instructions of an English clergyman—a course which left some of the best years of life for the purpose, with his precocious development, free for the accumulation of his extraordinary stores of general knowledge. Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. His University course was a triumph; he obtained the hard-won rewards of a Craven Scholarship and a Fellowship, while his reputation became established in the lighter successes of the Belles-Lettres, and as an extraordinary talker and debater. The year after his entrance his poem "Pompeii" obtained the Chancellor's Medal—an eloquent production according to the standard of those things, but, like most of them, mere rhetoric in rhyme, deficient in the inner graces of poetry. The picture of the Pompeians at a sacrifice, themselves the sportive victims hastening to death, though with strong obligations to Pope's lamb cropping his "flowery food," a type of men's ignorance of the future, is striking:

> "The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
> With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
> And while the victim crops the broidered plain,
> And frisks and gambols toward the destined fane,
> They little deem that, like himself, they stray
> To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery way;
> Heedless, like him, the impending stroke await,
> And sport and wanton on the brink of fate."

It was an even chance at the outset whether Macaulay would turn out a popular writer of verse or prose. He has solved the problem by success in both departments. His first hit was in rhyme. The two Songs of the Huguenots, "Moncontour," and "Ivry," and of the Civil War—"The Cavalier's March to London," and "The Battle of Naseby"—all of which appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824, gave unfailing promise of the "Lays of Rome."

Macaulay wrote for the *Quarterly Magazine*, besides his ballads, several thoughtful and spirited prose papers—"A Conversation between Cowley and Milton," "Criticisms on Dante and Petrarch," and others—remarkable as exhibiting thus early some of the turns of phrase which have grown into his most profitable mannerisms. *Knight's Quarterly* was conducted as a kind of club affair, [illegible] contributors are introduced at the outset in [illegible] manner of the old essayists. Macaulay is called by his *nom de plume*. The dialogue which ensues in the examination is a very fair criticism on much of the author to the present day. His reputation for similes was thus early established: "'Tristram Merton, come into court!' There came up a short, manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neck-cloth, and one hand in his waistcoat-pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good-humor, or both, you do not regret its absence." Tristram begins to talk of old authors—Aspasia, Pallas, Socrates. The remark which follows, by the master of ceremonies of the magazine, is noticeable: "His tone had just so much earnest that what he said was felt as a compliment, and just so much banter that it was felt as nothing more."

Is a certain hollowness and insincerity inherent in the author's style?

Tristram goes on with a pretty allusion to "the poor prince in the Arabian tales," when he is cut short with "a truce to your similes" and the threatened hard infliction of "silence for an hour," the most intolerable of punishments to a great talker. "A penalty for similes! horrible! Paul of Russia prohibited round hats, and Chihu of China denounced white teeth; but this is atrocious!" "I beseech you, Tristram, if you can, for a moment forget your omniscience!"

This was Macaulay's early social reputation: it is his latest. "Of Macaulay's range of knowledge," says Moore, in his Diary, "any thing may be believed, so wonderful is his memory." Again, at a dinner, "Macaulay wonderful; never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvelous a memory." Again astonished when Macaulay *memoriter* opened upon him a glib series of old Irish slang ballads, Moore exclaims, "He certainly obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, 'Do all things but *forget*.'"

Sydney Smith, who could jest freely about his friends without losing his admiration of them or their admiration of him, joined in the eulogy of one of Macaulay's dinner-table monologues when one quality and another was praised: "Then, too, the occasional flashes of *silence* were perfectly delightful!" "There are no limits to his knowledge on small subjects as well as great," said the wit of St. Paul's at another time; he is a book in breeches." This from a rival talker, for Sydney's repeated onsets would hold a room as well or better than Macaulay's continuous siege: "Yes, we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!'" Such are the delights and distresses of brilliant conversationalists.

Macaulay started into public life at a bound, impelled by the enthusiasm and triumph of the party of reformers in which he was nurtured. He modestly, it can not be with indifference, left a brother reviewer to tell the story of this devotional and devoted early life. Sir James Stephen, himself the son of a worthy coadjutor of Wilberforce, Sharpe, Zachary Macaulay, and the rest, whom he celebrates as the *Clapham Sect*, has reproduced, in an article in the *Edinburgh*, the very atmosphere, glowing with piety and philanthropy, from which emerged, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, the ready-armed Macaulay.

It is now thirty-six years since Macaulay first burst upon the world in the two-fold character of an orator and a reviewer. His first speech shortly preceded his first article in the *Edinburgh*. He made a glowing address, in 1824, before a well-disposed audience, at a public meeting. His antithetical periods and picturesque oratory were received as tokens of a wonderful future. He had already written on West Indian Slavery in *Knight's Quarterly*, and the earliest of his papers which we have traced in the *Edinburgh* is on the same theme. It is an article on the Negro in the West Indies, in the number for January, 1825. But his first hit in the *Review* was a paper in August, 1825, on "Milton," on occasion of the first publication of the great poet's treatise on Christian Doctrine. It glowed with youthful heat and enthusiasm; with novel, if not entirely original views of character; and that daring liveliness of expression, argumentative and declamatory, which had gained the reputation of Jeffrey, whose triumphs in that field of letters, the *Review*, were more than renewed by this newly-arrived knight. To the paper on Milton succeeded others whose ardent sentences are familiar to the readers of the present day almost as "household words." "Machiavelli," "Dryden," "Byron," "Bacon," "Walpole," "Johnson," "Chatham," "Warren Hastings," and the rest, all sparkling with keen analysis, quick perceptions, stores of reading picturesquely applied in skillful processes of literary art, and a rapid sympathetic imagination; full of liberal, noble views—sometimes to be opposed, seldom at the moment to be successfully resisted.

In 1827 appeared a startling paper in the *Edinburgh* on the "State of Politics in England." The crisis of the great struggle for the Reform Bill was approaching, and this article was the boldest in its warnings and its denunciations of indifference and opposition to the measure. A vivid picture—a parallel between the then condition of England and France on the edge of her Revolution—was in Macaulay's most fervid style. In his vision of the English aristocracy to be treated as the French aristocracy had been, he mingles touches of humor with the terrors of his description:

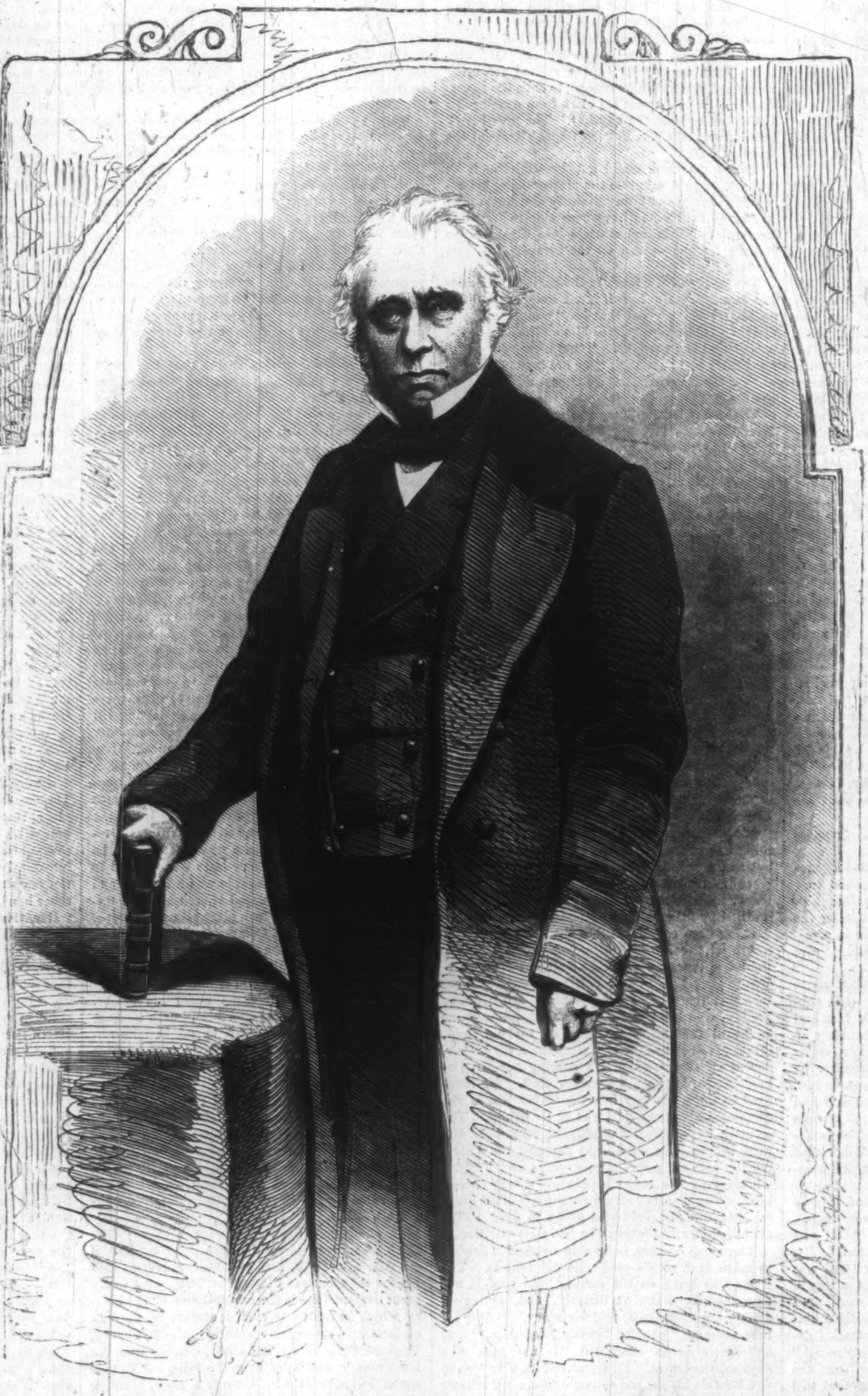
> "Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked out from his cradle for the highest honors of the state and of the army, impatient of control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest affront; with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown—to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs misrecited, or the first page of Télémaque misconstrued by petulant boys, who infested him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his thread-bare coat? Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited wealthier cities and fairer gardens; when Manchester shall be as Lyons and Stowe as Chantilly; when he who now, in the pride of rank and opulence, sneers at what we have written in the bitter sincerity of our hearts, shall be thankful for a porringer of broth at the door of some Spanish convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance another pistole on his George!"

Several years after these friends were not forgotten. They were reproduced in one of those speeches, abounding in argumentative appeals and bursts of eloquence, which shook the House of Commons on the eve of the popular triumph. The warning was thus repeated:

> "Have they [the Lords] ever visited that neighboring country, which still presents to the eye, even of a passing stranger, the signs of a great dissolution and renovation of society? Have they ever walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay and portioned out into lodging-rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they ever seen the ruins of those castles whose terraces and gardens overhang the Loire? Have they ever heard that from those magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, an aristocracy as splendid as brave, as proud, as accomplished as ever Europe saw, was driven forth to exile and beggary—to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile creeds—to cut wood in the back settlements of America—or to teach French in the school-rooms of London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people—no discernment of the signs of their time—because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them theorists and speculators—because they refused all concession till the time had arrived when no concession would avail."

The Whig leaders, without any extraordinary stretch of political wisdom, had discovered a new champion in Macaulay. He was taken up and endowed with a Commissionership of Bankruptcy, and in 1830 brought into Parliament under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne, from "the immaculate and free-voting borough," as the Tory Magazine called it, of Calne.

Macaulay's maiden Parliamentary speech was delivered in April, 1830. It offered a philanthropical support of a measure to relieve the civil disabilities of the Jews, and the orator was complimented at the close by a few earnest words of eulogy from Sir James Mackintosh. The series of reform speeches followed. They were the speaker's great rhetorical triumphs in Parliament; and on the success of the great measure his borough appointment was exchanged for the large popular representation of Leeds. To run rapidly over his subsequent political career, which was formally closed by the resignation of his seat in Parliament: in 1834 he was appointed member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta; and during his three years' connection with the Government in India distinguished himself in a legislative capacity, particularly in an article of reform equalizing the legal rights of the European and Asiatic subjects of the crown. He returned to England enriched by this lucrative post, and charged with the material of his brilliant sketches in the *Edinburgh* on Hastings and Clive, and his subsequent Indian Parliamentary speeches. He joined the Melbourne Administration as Secretary of War in 1839, and lent his eloquence to the support of its falling fortunes. The following year he was elected member from Edinburgh, and served as a leader of the Whig opposition against the forces of Peel. When his party gained the ascendancy


THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND POLYBLANK, OF LONDON.]

in 1846 under Lord John Russell, he was appointed Paymaster of the Forces with a seat in the Cabinet. The next year he was thrown out by his constituency for his support of the Maynooth Grant. Five years after, in 1852, he was again elected from Edinburgh, and remained in Parliament, taking no very active part in its affairs.

The public had no reason to regret his indifference to Parliament and retirement from public affairs since it gained the world the splendid series of articles in the *Edinburgh* and the "History of England." "To take Macaulay out of literature and society," said Sydney Smith, "and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence." Literature was undoubtedly his great success; yet his most quiet writings smack strongly of the declaimer and debater. He had essentially a spoken style. It is description, word painting, argument, but always with an eye to a case and for victory. His faults are all forgotten and forgiven in the glowing ardor of that style which, for the time, sweeps away taste and judgment. What action was to Demosthenes the flow of his periods was to Macaulay. He was rather rhetorical than eloquent; picturesque without being poetical; he had rare powers of fanciful association without invention; he was ingenious, but not profoundly speculative. His vast reading and stores of memory perhaps seemed greater to us than they really were, from his attorney's faculty of making up a case. To read Macaulay, with the first shock of surprise and novelty, is an unsurpassed delight. He was the prince of popularity, and may almost leave us in doubt whether his great qualities stoop to the imperfections of common life, or the latter rise to the verge of greatness.

On retiring from public life Macaulay was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Macaulay. He took his seat in the House of Peers, but never spoke. The later years of his life were devoted exclusively to the "History of England," of which four volumes have appeared—the work being, like Prescott's "Philip the Second," left incomplete at his death. The work, of which Messrs. Harpers were, by special arrangement with Lord Macaulay, the American publishers, was even more popular in this country than in England; of their several editions they have sold over 100,000 copies.

He died of heart disease, which had troubled him once, in 1852, but over which his constitution was supposed to have triumphed. He was attacked about the middle of December, rallied, and was supposed to be convalescent, but suddenly relapsed and died.

Baron Macaulay was unmarried, and the title dies with him. He has brothers and sisters: one of the former is a citizen of this country.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH A BOAT IS LAUNCHED, AND COMES TO PORT.

DAY after day did Ernest Beckford sit quietly writing on his high stool in the Cheswick counting-room, while around him the same old ebb and flow of life went on that had been about little Filkins, save that its wave found him a rock, and not an empty keg, or a tangle of drift-wood, which could be tossed about at its pleasure. The farthest in the world from that was this young man. And though the riot outside of him was perhaps chafed into a little greater violence by the presence of his silent, thoughtful antagonism, it still evidently felt that it had found an obstacle in him, and one which it would be difficult to surmount. Ernest Beckford was one of those very rarely found men who can pursue their own way through a perfectly unfriendly crowd, not only without deflection, but with an appearance of ease, or even comfort. Where the power to do this is not natural, its acquirement is the greatest possible of triumphs—it is the most brilliant of accomplishments. Both naturally and by self-education Ernest Beckford possessed it.

By-and-by the influence of the young man became observable even upon outsiders. Certainly it was not his office which they began to respect; there was nothing in being a second book-keeper which was especially overpowering and stimulant to Cheswickian reverence. It must have been therefore the young man himself, and the beautiful, easeful way in which he ennobled his office, which made people say, "I declare I shouldn't wonder if that young fellow came to be partner by-and-by!"

This better state of feeling toward Ernest Beckford, among Cheswickians generally, left him still more at the mercy of his pleasant companions inside the rail, if such a man could with any propriety be called at the mercy of any body. To all of them he was a continual eyesore. He was not obtrusive of his counsel, made no pretension to being judge, mentor, reprover of any sort; but the very look and bearing of the man, necessarily from his nature, and when he was not paying the slightest attention to them, was a continual institution of odious comparisons.

For the first few days after he came to Cheswick these agreeable associates took it upon themselves to revenge the displacement of little Filkins, and to assert their own utter carelessness of the new-comer by a species of talk at him which was intended to be satirical. Frequent reference was made to the salubrious characteristics of Cheswick as a place for partners to spend the summer in, and extreme pain expressed lest the New York House should go down, robbed as it was of its former supervision. To all of which Beckford paid as much attention as belonged to it.

Before the expiration of the second week of his residence there the young man had proved himself so very calm and immovable a surface to their attacks that the advisableness of changing their tactics suggested itself to them. There was no doing any thing against Beckford; perhaps something might be done with him. He could not be snubbed, overlooked, sent to Coventry in any way; that self-imposed reserve of his prevented them from appearing to banish him, for how can one be uncivil to a man who gives him no chance to be civil? He was very gentlemanly, but mixed with them no more than water with oil.

They would allure him, therefore. He might not be such a dem'd disagreeable fellow after all. Todds had known a man who opened up very much like this Beckford. You wouldn't have thought he had a tongue in his head, by Jove! and every body said that all he did was to read Tract Society publications and drink weak black tea; but dem Todds if he didn't turn out a splendid chap after all, and when they last parted they had a Champagne supper—three bottles apiece—broke one of the waiter's heads with a boat of snipe gravy, threw an arm-chair out of the window, and had such a devilish fine time that they never knew how they got home—drunk as the d—l, by Jove! And who knew how this Beckford would turn out? It was certainly worth while to try him.

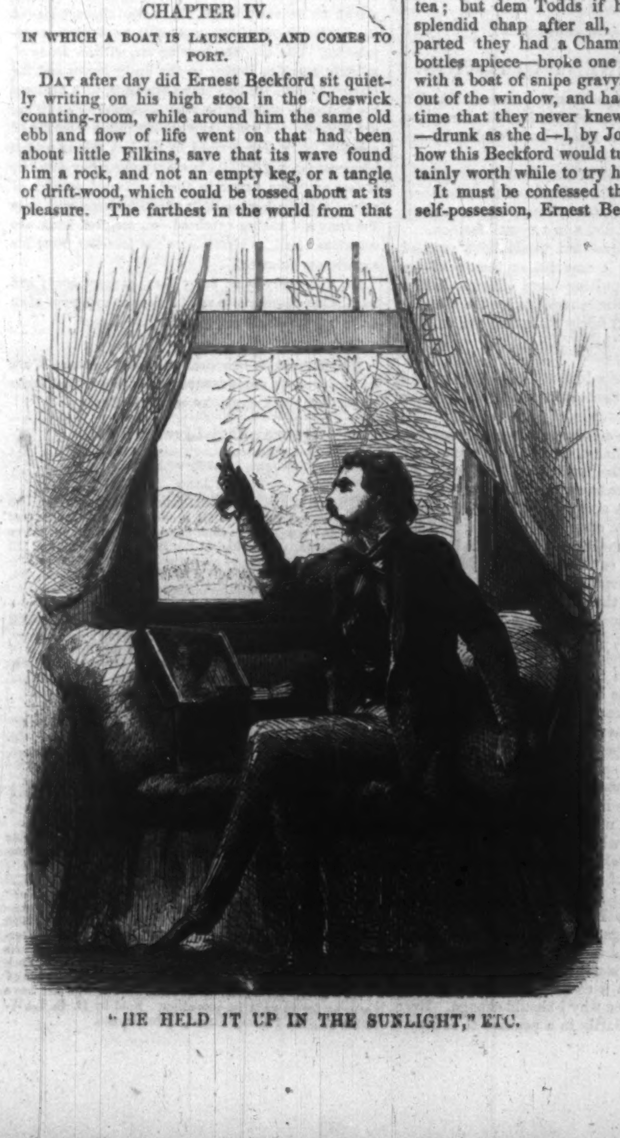
It must be confessed that, even with all his self-possession, Ernest Beckford felt a certain degree of surprise, and started slightly when, one day after the Bank was shut, and he was walking home to his lodgings, he felt an arm suddenly thrust through his own in the most familiar fashion, and turned to discover that his friend was no other than Todds, cashier. "We're not very well acquainted yet," was the first remark of that distinguished bank-officer.

"That is true," replied Beckford, in a tone of dry courtesy.

"And we ought to know one another better," continued Mr. Todds.

The young man bowed politely, with a somewhat questioning elevation of the eyebrows.

"Yes," said the cashier. "So I think. So the fellows think. In fact, we're all of that opinion. Oh! de-cidedly. It's not at all the thing, you see, for a set of splendid men like us—all of us here together—to be distant and cold to one another. You know what I mean—to come the sublime indifference dodge, you know. If we any of us have been cold to you, you mustn't mind it. It's our way at first."



"HE HELD IT UP IN THE SUNLIGHT," ETC.

The idea that any indifference which Mr. Todds might have shown had taken an aspect of sublimity, was so amusing to Ernest Beckford that the smile with which he entreated Mr. Todds to set his mind at rest upon that point would have become a hearty laugh had there been any sympathetic person there to enjoy it with him.

"Know us, and you'll like us," pursued the cashier. "We all liked Mr. Filkins, and he liked us. Why? Because he knew us, of course. Well, you can do the same thing, and every thing will go on swimmingly. Oh, by-the-way, I've a little proposal to make. I have some friends at my rooms to-night in a quiet sort of way—just a rubber or two of whist and a glass of punch, and I'm sure we can make it pleasant for you if you'll drop in. Say nine o'clock or thereabouts. Shall we expect you?"

The young man thought for a moment—so short a moment that his hesitation was not perceived by the cashier—and then replied:

"If I am not with you by nine o'clock you need not expect me. Thank you for the invitation at any rate."

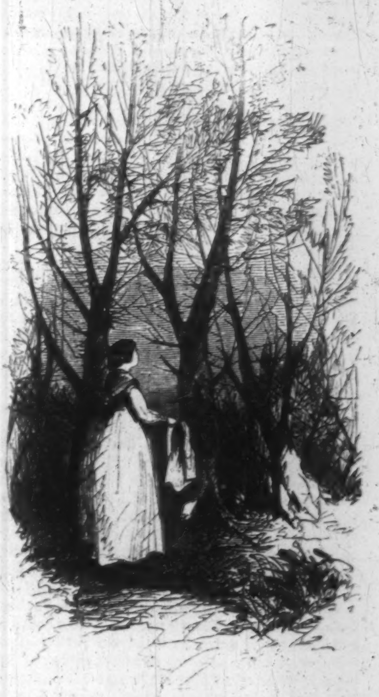
This answer was not prompted by any fear of offending Mr. Todds with a prompt denial. Strange as it may seem, Ernest Beckford was not quite sure but he would like to accept the invitation. He had seen one phase of the life of these associates of his—the business life—and there was a sort of strange fascination even to him in knowing what they were out of business hours; very much such fascination as would be to a human-nature philosopher in seeing the Queen of the Fejees in dishabille, or being admitted to the bosom of a cannibal family.

With a parting injunction to be sure and come, Mr. Todds remembered that he had already gone past a place where he must attend to some important business, and, slipping his arm out of Beckford's, trotted away. A few moments and Ernest Beckford reached his lodgings and passed in. The house in which he had taken rooms was as near an approach to graceful retirement as can be procured in a country town. That is to say, fewer people knew that he lived there, and all the circumstances of his private career, than would have been aware of those facts had he boarded in the middle of the public square and slept on the platform of the town-pump. He had selected this place for its comparative seclusion; and certainly it was an asylum, a nook of quiet to any one who came from a day spent at Clingham & Co.'s. The house was an old-fashioned edifice of wood, with dormer windows rising from the roof, whose venerable shingles were all pale-green and brown in motley with lichen and decay. But by no means a tumble-down old house—merely one that had matured slowly and was now just ripe, all luscious with pleasant home-like associations, and having always an agreeable sunniness about it like a Beurre d'Arembourg pear all ready to be plucked. Two stalwart horse-chestnuts and an elm, older even than itself, shaded it in front, and its rear windows looked directly down the almost perpendicular rocky bank of the little stream, here at its broadest, which gave Cheswick its only claim to the possession of water scenery. Two of the second story windows which opened on the sight and sound of this pleasant, sparkling, rambling sweet singer belonged to the parlor of Ernest Beckford. In the summer they were always open, by the immemorial custom of the family who kept the house; and it was not the young man's mood to close them now that he was tenant, when they opened upon such sweet intimacies with all glad fresh wood odors and music from water and trees and fields.

It was at one of these windows that Ernest Beckford, coming in from his talk with Mr. Todds, threw himself down with a careless abandonment on the little settee which was his favorite resting-place.

There was a slight shade on the forehead of Ernest Beckford to-day as he sat looking out of that breezy window, with his cheek rested on his hand, and eyes that seemed to see deeper than the sheen of the rippling stream below; further than the gold and purple cloud-banks which, long beforehand, were making ready for the coming of the sundown. Plainly, had one been there whom he could have trusted, one whose spiritual key made an exact chord with his own, Ernest Beckford might have had a secret to impart whose grave burden was none the less because it was borne with a half-defiant, manly bravery, a half-smiling earnestness rather than with utter Byronic dejection. But at last the wind—that loving, cajoling, coaxing wind—kissed the secret out of him. With a sigh which he banished instantly by shutting his lips upon it, as if he would not even admit it to himself, the young man arose, and lifting the cover of a small rose-wood box which stood upon the bureau near him, brought out in succession a miniature, a packet of letters, and a sunny lock of woman's hair. Returning to the window, he laid them all upon the seat beside him and again sat down. There was just the slightest dust visible upon the chased golden circlet and glass which held in the portrait, and this the young man rather kissed than breathed away with a lip so tender and so trembling that one would have scarcely believed it the same whose strong lines but a moment before gave such firm denial to the sigh. Then wiping it carefully, he gazed, and gazed, and gazed worshipfully, and as if his eyes could never drink their fill.

Had the human confidant whose presence we just supposed been looking over the shoulder of Ernest Beckford, he would have had but little difficulty in giving name and personality to the portrait's original. It was a lady in the middle time of life. Her hair still glossy brown, of that peculiar tint which the sun is ever turning to gold, but still here and there flecked with silver by that speechless care and earnest, long-suffering tenderness to which her watchful eyes also bore somewhat witness, for blending with their childlike trust and gladness was a calmer shadow, such as they only know who have been both tried and victorious. The remaining features, even to the last, were Beckford's, save that the mouth had a womanly loving peacefulness which the mouth of few men ever arrive at without becoming effeminate, and which the young man's was yet too new to the play of passions to have learned. And when those lips of his parted next, after they had pressed one long kiss upon the beautiful face before him, the words that escaped them were "Mother!" and "Gone! gone!"



BEHIND THE WILLOWS.

Then taking that rich brown tress which had been hers into his hand as reverently as a pilgrim carries his relic, he held it up in the sunlight and let it be engoldened, till the light seemed to make it live again, and the soft air seemed fanning not it only but the dear cheek against which it had played long ago. And strangely there floated into his mind, and melted in with this reverie of the departed, another face; a still radiant one, over which there fell also a shadow and a sunniness mingled of like soft brown hair; and strangely, too, came a deep peace into his heart, for she who had gone seemed smiling down upon him to light the way to his breast of one who was coming. And as if with a sudden inspiration he wrote with his pencil on a little scrap of paper lying near him,

"*All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore.*"

A moment more and half unconsciously he had written two names side by side beneath this sentence. He hardly thought what he did till the feeling how well they looked together flushed his cheek. What other could those names have been but these, "ERNEST—NORA?"

The hand that held the paper dropped again to his side, and the two frank blue eyes of the so rightly called Ernest looked forth again still more intensely across the stream, the field, the distant margin of the hills, and far into the heaven beyond, through which, as to all of us sometimes happens, he seemed to see a whole past life repass before him.

He beheld a young manhood whose mantle of earnestness had fallen on him prematurely; whose eyes had been made forelooking, longing, questful at a time when most eyes are boyish and limited to the present. He beheld a young man, who, with all the greatest capacity for loving and growing in his love, for being made the better and more clear-aimed hard worker in life thereby, had hitherto gone thirsting through the world for that well of another's pure affection which many men had without the asking; which some of them valued only because as they looked down it mirrored their own selfish face; which others befouled with their feet and passed carelessly away. He saw this young man successful in many things—praised, trusted, what the world calls well off, meaning in the coffer, not in the soul. But he saw him sitting often at neighbors' firesides; still oftener in the gloom of a companionless hearth which a stranger had warmed for hire, and one by one, even to his frank, glad, brave eye, the once lighted coals of a better hope went out and became ashes. And from his heart he pitied this young man; for he perceived that none else could pity, even if he could ask them; unable as they were to know how many a good and bright expectation may have faded out already to the man of twenty-four, however brave he be, and how old, in some respects, such a young man may have become through strange life-leadings.

Just where the cloud of this sight became darkest, and where light was least expected, a faint gleam shot through of a sudden; it waxed brighter, and the clear eyes of Ernest Beckford fell back upon the paper in his hand.

"Ernest—Nora."

"Is it possible? Will it be? In my life I have learned the lesson to work on because work is right; because all great and good is on the side of work, wherever *hope* may stand. Dare I also now *hope* as well as *work?* Dare I seek the great happiness of a life, and believe in *that* as I used to—as I have, since my mother died, believed in labor only?"

Thus soliloquizing the young man stood thoughtfully at the window for a moment, then with a cheery trustfulness on his face again he bent the paper containing the sentence and the names into the rude form of a boat, and dropped it with a half-childlike playfulness on the bosom of the stream below the window, saying as it fell,

"Be my emblem! Thou shalt float away out of my sight, but not out of God's: even so I trust myself to the stream, having no eyes for my own way; but He knows whither I shall go, what end reach. All my life I have dreaded to be Hope's fool; but now I will try to have such love from *her* as I can give *her*. Float away, little boat."

So it drifted out of his sight. But not—not, as he said, out of God's. And he turned from the window full of faith and peace.

But not as much so as he might have been had he seen a certain thing. But how could he know that ever since he had been sitting at the window a blue pair of sweetest girl-eyes had been looking up at him all bright with admiration, and a lovely face been flushing lest he should see it from its peeping place behind the willows, on the farther brookside. How could Ernest know that any lady—*she* much less—made that meadow of late her afternoon rambling, reading, and musing place, for a reason which she had never even admitted to herself. And how—how in the world could he tell who it was that, when the little boat had drifted quite out of his sight, drew it ashore eagerly from the eddy by which it was made prisoner; at first to kiss it and keep it simply because it was any thing which might be a memento of him; but unrolling it and reading it, felt first the blood rush to her temples, then back to her heart, and hastened homeward not knowing whether she waked or dreamed, in a calm ecstasy whose spell she feared to break by speaking. How could Ernest Beckford know?

But the little boat was better out of his sight, for it was in God's and *hers*.

CHRISTMAS AT NETTLECROP.

TEN years ago there was a great commotion in the village of Nettlecrop. The whole place was together by the ears, as the saying is; and here was Christmas almost at hand, with little or no prospect of its bringing peace and good-will, as far as the folks of Nettlecrop were concerned.

Mrs. Pradgeman had as good as told Mr. Fines, the farrier, that his wife drank; and Mrs. Fines had said that if she ever caught Mrs. Pradgeman gossiping at the door of her husband's forge again, she would give that lady a bit of her mind; there were the Knaggses and the Pentwhistles at daggers drawn; and the Slys didn't speak to the Knaggses; and the Knaggses, and the Slys, and the Pentwhistles, were all of them deadly foes of the Dingleberrys; who, in their turn, held the Saunderses in bitter hate; and the Saunderses weren't at all in favor among the Nettlecrop folks generally; but, in particular, were loathed by the Haslecrofts, who used to be such very intimate friends of theirs; and Little Lucy Saunders, aged eight years and a quarter, had informed her eldest sweet-heart, Tom Haslecroft, aged eleven, that if they ever met again—which was not improbable, seeing that they lived on the same side of the Green, and only three doors from each other—it must be as people of the world; and, in short, Nettlecrop was in a state of internecine war, and the feud of the Montagues and the Capulets was a joke to it. A pretty condition of things, this, among Christians of one parish!

On came Christmas, till it was all but come; and not a soul in Nettlecrop had wished that it might be a merry one to his neighbor. The Slys, and the Knaggses, and the Pentwhistles, and the Dingleberrys, and the Saunderses, and the Haslecrofts, had not a single compliment of the season to give one to another; and Mrs. Fines had sent all the way to Stoneybatter for her plums and currants rather than have the Christmas pudding compounded of any materials which had come out of Mrs. Pradgeman's general shop.

For the credit of Nettlecrop and humanity, I trust that there were hearts which yearned to open themselves to other hearts, and hands which would have gladly gripped other hands, had there been some excuse for the renewal of pacific relations. But nobody liked to be first. There was Tom Haslecroft, to be sure, who wanted to be friends with all Nettlecrop and all creation. But *he* was only a boy; and it would have been undignified on the part of the grown-up community to accept his offices as peace-maker. So nobody said "Merry Christmas!" to any body, though another night had gone, and the day itself had dawned which was the day before Christmas-day.

It had dawned brightly, too, though the snow lay deep, and the cold was intense. Tom Haslecroft rose, as was his wont, before the little household was awake, and sallied forth into the keen fresh air. Into the open country, ankle-deep in snow, he went, and sang for joy of the life that rushed through his young limbs. Across the village green, and through the turn-stile, and down the lane by the old church, and over Farmer Turvey's gate at a bound, and good-day to the pinched-up laborer who was stacking fagots in the shed, and good-day to you, too, Master Tom, and a Merry Christmas! It was the first that Tom had had bidden him that blessed season, and his heart swelled up, forcing the tears from his eyes. Knee-deep now he went at times; and more than once turned back to find some sort of path. Take care, Tom Haslecroft, take care! It was in a drift a little further on—there, by the willows—that a man was nearly lost yesterday, just after dusk. Take care!

I was at Nettlecrop on that 24th of December. The window was curtained close, and the candles were lit, and the hearth was swept, and the fire burned bright and cosy, and the first glass of after-dinner port was on its way to my lips, when the landlord himself entered the room, with a long face and an apology for troubling me with bad news.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked, setting down the wine untasted.

"I hope nothing's really the matter, Sir," he answered; "but it looks like it. The only son of Haslecroft, the wheel-wright on the green, has not been heard of since daybreak this morning, when he was seen by one of Farmer Turvey's men going past the willows. The man says he watched him over the most dangerous part, where a traveler was nearly buried in the snow yesterday, and that the lad kept his way in the direction of Cragsfoot Bottom, as if he meant to go through the copse. Indeed, they've traced him right through, and very near as far as Bramleigh Wood, where the wind has drifted the snow clean over the poor boy's footprints. Lord send that it hasn't covered him!"

Not another word did I say, or the landlord either, till we were standing in the porch, round about which several persons had gathered with lanterns.

"Heaven's mercy forbid!" the landlord then exclaimed, breaking our silence; "but I fear we shall have another heavy fall o' snow." The flakes were coming down pretty thick as he spoke, and the men's hats were already touched with white.

We set off in a body, taking our way first to Haslecroft's. It was needless to ask, when we reached the house, whether Tom had been found. Alive or dead he was missing still; and those who had been searching for him and had returned for lanterns or torches, and for more help, were now on the point of starting again. The boy's father was among them, and the distracted mother would have been of the party also, but that she was held back with kind hands, and soothing voices, and many sobs and tears. "They'll find him, my dear, they'll be sure to find him," said poor Mrs. Saunders, who was more agitated than any body beside, and had the greatest difficulty in keeping herself from being broken down altogether. "Don't give way so, there's a love! Oh, *do* take comfort, pray!" Remorse was aggravating the affliction which Mrs. Saunders felt on behalf of her long-slighted friend.

Our party now numbered at least a score; and as we crossed the green it was more than doubled by accessions from the village. All the male branches of the Slys, and the Knaggses, and the Dingleberrys, and the Pentwhistles were there; and as we threaded the turn-stile in single file, who should run up to us in a panting state, and lay violent hands on Mr. Fines, but Mrs. Pradgeman?

"Take—take this!" said she, thrusting on him a flat stone bottle, of pint capacity or thereabouts. "It—it's cordial! God's help go with you all! Oh, Dr. Carboy, Sir, I'm so glad you're a going with 'em! And Mr. Hales as well! Oh, gentlemen, don't, don't, DON'T come back without him!"

We left the good woman, clasping her hands and calling out encouraging words and earnest prayers for our success, by the end of the old church wall. We passed through the little gate over which the boy had vaulted gayly that morning; we took our course, guided by a shepherd who knew every foot of the land for miles about, past the willows, and down again into the hollow, and through the copse, and so onward to Bramleigh Wood, where our search began.

The snow fell fast and faster, now tumbling in a fitful, irregular way, and now descending with a uniform steadiness, as if it were being pressed downward to the muffled earth. Masses fell every now and then from the branches of the trees. The hope we had brought with us into the wood was gradually covered as the objects were covered which at first stood boldly out amidst the snow.

A cry from the rear brought every body running to one spot. Was he found? Alas, no! But a little girl who had followed us had been perceived by some stragglers of the band. It was Tom's cruel sweet-heart, Lucy Saunders. There was faint hope now that they would ever meet again, even as people of the world.

Faint hope and fainter, as the snow came ceaselessly, silently, pitilessly down, white as we looked up at it against the leaden sky, black as we saw it against the shrouded slopes and underwood, or between us and the light of our wandering lanterns. Lucy Saunders, in spite of protests urged with piteous tears, had been sent back in charge of two friends, who carried her by turns to the home she had quitted unobserved.

So was Christmas-eve spent by us in that dreary winter wood; and so did it give place to Christmas-day. Our party had been relieved by the rest of the Nettlecrop folks; and those who had been searching the wood all night went home to sleep. But not long past noon they were all in Bramleigh Wood again, and not a man was left in the village. Mr. Hales, the deservedly popular young clergyman of Nettlecrop, had dismissed his female congregation with a few sympathetic words, after the church service, telling them that he was impatient to join the working party in the wood; and in half an hour he was with us bodily, as he had been all that Christmas morning in the spirit.

The day wore on till two o'clock, when a man bore down upon our main body, which was now assembled to consider whether it might not be advisable to search beyond the limits of the wood. It was from the further boundary—that is to say, from the side opposite to that by which we had come—that the man approached. He called out, as soon as he was well within hearing,

"Halloa, there! What's all this piece of work about a boy that's got lost?"

"Can you tell us any thing about him?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Yes, I can. He's all right enough!"

"Where is he?"

"Well, he's in Bilbury lock-up—that's where he is."

"What for?" was the next question on the part of the chorus, which by this time consisted of the entire Nettlecrop corps.

"Why, for trespass, to be sure. Didn't my chap Joe take the message from the constable to the boy's father yesterday morning? No? Well, I suppose he got drunk as usual and forgot it. You see, I caught the young scamp on Squire Jacob's land, and took him right off to the Bilbury constable. We ain't going to stand any more o' them trespassing games, I can tell you; so if you want to get the boy out you'd better come along some of you afore the Squire."

Joy was wrestling with indignation in the breasts of the good people from Nettlecrop. They didn't murder the man. They did not fall upon him and tear him into shreds upon the spot. They didn't hang him up by his neck, or by his heels, or by his ears, or by his hair, or by his toes, or by his thumbs, or by his nostrils, to the nearest tree; they didn't even snow-ball him. Dr. Carboy said he was a scoundrel; and being reminded by the Nettlecrop lawyer that this language was actionable, Dr. Carboy amended it by saying that the man was an unmitigated and atrocious villain, who deserved, for every hour that the boy had passed in imprisonment, to suffer a year's solitary confinement—an opinion which was loudly cheered by every body who heard it uttered. The Reverend Mr. Hales, with a remarkably fine pectoral development and the biceps of a blacksmith, told the man that he ought to have a sound thrashing, and that if it had not been Christmas-day he (Mr. Hales) would have given him one. The end of it was, that Mr. Hales, Dr. Carboy, the lawyer, and one or two more went as a deputation to the Squire, who "took a lenient view of the case," and gave his magisterial order for the release of the culprit. Tempted by the sight of a magnificent cluster of holly-berries, Tom had broken into the Squire's ground, where he was surprised and captured as the keeper has already told us.

Next to the happy recovery of Tom Haslecroft—on whose manly breast the fair Lucy flung herself in passionate joy when he was brought in triumph to Nettlecrop—the happiest result of this affair was the perfect reconciliation of every body in Nettlecrop to every body else. From that day forth all the ill-feeling of the village was transferred to the shoulders of the Squire and his men. Not a drop of gall was left for home consumption.

Mrs. Pradgeman went and made it up with Mrs. Fines, after which she sent her respectful duty through Mrs. Baxter to Mrs. Bogle, with the contrite but indefinite assurance that "it was all a mistake." The Slys, and the Knaggses, and the Pentwhistles, and the Dingleberrys have become united by matrimonial ties; in spite of which they remain the best friends that ever were. There is a talk of something of the kind between the Haslecroft and Saunders families; but, for my part, I hope Tom Haslecroft will not think of marrying just yet.

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

IT was a most impertinent question. And it was proposed to me—or rather hurled at me—by my Thought, as I sat cosily last evening by my fire.

I have had questions of the same *genre* quietly put to me before in the solitude of my chamber, but never before in this plump, matter-of-fact, bringing the thing "down to a point" fashion.

At any time the question would have startled me; but coming, as it now did, on the top of—as agonizing, romance-pulling-down climax—half a dozen happy, sanguine schemings for the Future, I must confess that it fairly staggered me.

The question was this:

WHERE *shall I die?*

I instinctively cast a look at the bed whereon I have snored in my bachelor apartments for over the last three years.

About six months ago a great pet of mine, the daughter of my landlady, died on that same bed. The room in which the little invalid lay suffering was the hottest in the house, so I had her removed to mine, which is the coolest. From seven o'clock until half past eight one morning I watched her die, literally inch by inch—the Destroyer gradually creeping up, cat-like, from her feet till it clutched her—the hope of a life, for it was "the only one"—by the throat. I left then. I have heard that strange final exhaustion of the air, commonly known as the death-rattle, once, years ago. It would be much gold, more than I ever coveted, to buy me to listen to it again. My landlady's eye was a bright one last spring; it has never lit up since, and, if I comprehend her gentle, silent, suffering nature, it never will more.

Now it may happen that that bed will be the eventful "Where"—*my* "Where." For I have been exceedingly comfortable in this old-fashioned room of mine for the last three years, and it would take me at least six months to become accustomed to any other table whereon to write. I can not write at a strange table; it is a nervous, foolish, fidgety peculiarity of mine. The reader probably has his.

Therefore, unless Fortune were some day to shower her blessings very plentifully upon me, enabling me to adopt some other course of life—indeed, almost rendering it imperative that I should at all events live in a costlier apartment—I don't see any cogent reason why I should change. Even as it is, I am pecuniarily in a position to occupy a more sumptuous apartment, and still I remain perfectly satisfied with the comfort around me. I couldn't have truer friends "drop in" than I have now, whatever were my surroundings. In fact, I doubt if any circumstances except the possession of the means to carry out a strong desire to travel could induce me to make a change.

The chances therefore are that, barring out-door accidents, I shall die on that bed.

It has this advantage: it is a practiced bed—the little one went so gently to heaven from it. But the little one was about two feet eight inches high, whereas my length is five feet eleven and a half. I have never measured the bed, but cold winter nights have annoyingly convinced me that that bed—my "Where"—can not assuredly be over five feet ten. The reader will at once perceive the utter absurdity of for a moment contemplating "going off" with any degree of comfort under the circumstances.

I shall to-morrow undertake (nasty word, but very appropriate) a strict measurement of all the bedsteads in the house, and if I discover that any shorter gentleman than myself is luxuriating on an unnecessary longitude of mattress, more suitable to myself than him—after, of course, making all generous allowance for the usual "stretching" observable in the contingency under consideration—why, I can only say that a sudden exchange will be effected, and him neither the wiser nor the worse for it.

Reader! as you make your bed, so shall you die on it. Look to this!

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Volcano of Turrialbo.—The Diligence.—Valley of Cartago.—Church of our Lady of the Angels.—Plaza of Cartago.—Remains of Old Cartago.—Ascent of Irazu.—The Crater of Irazu.—Shooting Fish.—Hammock Bridge.—Primitive Plow.—Pounding Coffee.—Coffee-Mill.—Hacienda of Navara.—The Quezal.—Sugar-Mill.

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CHAPTER I. The Bachelor of Beak Street.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Family of Muffs.—I am referred to Cecilia.

MOTHER OF PEARL. By FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MASTER CHARLEY IN THE SNOW.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Experiments on the Cat and the Dog.—Invites a Few Friends.—Knows nothing about it.—A Snow-Ball Party.

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